

The Listener

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Easter 1954

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The Entente Cordiale

Broadcasts given on April 8, the fiftieth anniversary of the Anglo-French agreements

By the Rt. Hon. ANTHONY EDEN, M.P.,

Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs

FIFTY years ago today Great Britain and France signed the series of agreements which came to be known as the *Entente Cordiale*. Its authors were Lord Lansdowne and M. Delcassé. In appearance it was a purely political event which settled long-standing differences between the two countries about Egypt and Morocco. But, in fact, it was a realistic arrangement between two peoples whose interests coincided in the field of politics. They were concerned with their national security and with the balance of power. But there was not much mutual sympathy and understanding between the two peoples at that time. The British and French had been separated by centuries of rivalry and misunderstanding. They were also held apart by the Channel over which no aeroplane had yet flown.

Conditions are different today. In the turbulent and dangerous years that have passed since 1904, the alliance has grown closer and more intimate. We now take it almost as a matter of course. Today the *Entente* is still based on hard political facts. We know better than ever before that the security of our country is bound up with that of France. We also know that co-operation between our two countries is the very condition of our survival. But the relationship between the two peoples has developed in a way which could not have been foreseen. France and Great Britain have fought and

conquered together in two great wars. Today, in the defence of peace, our two countries have been joined by many other great and friendly powers. The deep wounds of the past must be finally healed. But the *Entente Cordiale* has its essential part to play in every international effort to further peace.

Meanwhile, the British and French peoples have come to know one another as never before. Foreign travel is no longer the monopoly of the well-to-do. Half a million people from these shores visit France every year. Tens of thousands of school children spend months of each year in the other's land. Englishmen and Frenchmen in all walks of life, and in growing numbers, have made new friendships. Many make a habit of spending their holidays together. Practical, as well as sentimental, links have been created between British and French towns.

This is what the *Entente Cordiale* is today—a great stream of friendship, flowing in both directions. It has become entirely spontaneous and needs little impulse from the Government. It enriches the lives of both peoples. Moving tributes to France have been paid today in both Houses of Parliament. Her Majesty the Queen has exchanged messages with the President of the Republic. Next month official celebrations will be held in London and Paris. But the great majority of Englishmen and Frenchmen will today celebrate the anniversary in their hearts.

We know that it is a permanent interest of our country that France shall be great and prosperous. We rejoice in her achieve-

ments and her civilisation as we feel pride in our own. I express our constant and fervent wish for the happiness of France and for the lasting friendship of our peoples.

By **GEORGES BIDAULT**, Ministre des Affaires
Etrangères de la République Française

IL Y A CINQUANTE ANS, le 8 avril 1904, deux nations, séparées sur la carte par un mince bras de mer, et dans la mémoire de leurs peuples, un long passé de guerres, une tradition presque ininterrompue de rivalité, décidaient d'entrer dans la voie de l'Entente Cordiale. Dans leur lettre, les accords d'avril 1904 ne sont pas autre chose que la liquidation d'un passé orageux; il n'y était pas question d'alliance, ni même d'amitié, mais ils ont créé un climat propice à l'amitié; ils ont ouvert la voie à une alliance qui n'a même pas eu besoin de porter ce nom pour devenir le môle solide auquel se sont accrochées, depuis un demi-siècle, les espérances du monde libre.

Pour le salut du monde, nos deux pays ne doivent jamais oublier de quels malheurs l'histoire sanctionne leur provisoire séparation. Quelle promesse, par contre, leur association apporte à tous les hommes, bien au-delà des frontières de deux états, ou de deux

communautés de peuples. Sur cette frange occidentale de notre continent est née l'idée d'une Europe plus unie, consciente de sa force virtuelle et résolue à rassembler sa puissance éparse dans une solidarité nouvelle d'intérêts et de devoirs. Au cours des dernières années, des alliances de plus en plus vastes ont marqué les étapes successives de cette construction. Après le Traité de Dunkerque, celui de Bruxelles, puis le Pacte Atlantique; ce réseau d'accords a pour centre de gravité l'union de la Grande-Bretagne et de la France qui s'impose non seulement comme l'impératif de la sécurité mutuelle des deux pays, mais comme la condition première de la sécurité européenne.

C'est pourquoi la France a le droit et le devoir de marquer sa satisfaction et d'exprimer sa joie et sa confiance chaque fois qu'elle voit l'Angleterre, sans qu'en souffrent les vocations mondiales dont nous connaissons nous-mêmes les exigences, tirer les conséquences de sa solidarité avec l'Europe, de son appartenance à l'Europe, de cette Europe en but à la menace, où les frontières de chacun, doivent, sous peine de danger mortel, devenir les frontières de tous; la France ne doit pas oublier que par deux fois en un demi-siècle c'est à la contribution puissante, persévérante, décisive de l'Angleterre, qu'elle doit d'avoir été gardée ou rendue à la liberté.

—Home Service

'Best Hope for the Well-being of Western Europe'

By **NICHOLAS CARROLL**

WE have certainly come a long way since 1066, if you reflect how utterly unthinkable nowadays is the idea of a war between Britain and France. From the time when William the Conqueror rubbed our noses in the dust at Hastings, right up to the end of last century, over 800 years, France was our traditional enemy. Yet suddenly, thanks to the common sense of two able Foreign Ministers in Paris and London, there came a change. It is true that the *Entente* was, to begin with, just political bargaining about distant territories—the sort of deal that would shock us today; but which in those days, when the European powers were jostling for slices of Africa, would scarcely raise an eyebrow. Broadly speaking, the agreement meant that France would give us a free hand in Egypt, provided we gave her a free hand in Morocco. There were other smaller deals, too, but the main thing is that an agreement was reached. We have had our ups and downs with the French in the fifty years that have passed since then, but the *Entente Cordiale* has grown into one of the most steadying factors in a restless Europe.

Yet our relationship with France never needed more careful examination and strengthening than it does today. In this country we have always been very ready to criticise the French. We tend to think of them as inefficient, frivolous, excitable, slightly immoral; even, if I dare say it, not quite as hygienically minded as we are. They think of us as stolid, mercenary, prudish, hypocritical: remember those famous labels Napoleon bestowed on us?—'a nation of shopkeepers', and 'perfidious Albion'. (England, for the French, is a country rich in everything except good food and sunshine.)

But, like most generalisations, these are false. How we envy the French some of their characteristics! The way they enjoy life, their wonderful wines, their Mediterranean coast, their Alps; we pour across the Channel in our hundreds of thousands every year for our holidays. We admire the great wealth of French literature and art; and how we love their cooking! Marriages between French and English people are more numerous, I am told, and generally more successful, than any other international marriages that we English embark on.

The biggest mistake that can be made about the French is to think that they are inefficient. Look at the record-breaking trans-Atlantic runs of the liner *Normandie*, at the new French world speed record for trains, at the marvellous deep-sea feats of the French divers, at the French discovery of the source of the Amazon. And it was a Frenchman, not an Englishman, who first flew the Channel. Since the war, we have watched France suffer all the strains of recovery from the capitulation of 1940. She has drifted from one crisis to another, she has lost thousands of her best troops in Indo-China, her people are disunited, her politics alarmingly unstable. Yet she remains a vital power in Europe.

Let us remember especially today that in 1940, in the darkest moment of the war, Sir Winston Churchill invited France to join us in an unbreakable Franco-British Union. It would have made us into one great state, the most powerful and wealthy in Europe. There are many Englishmen who think that in such a development of the *Entente Cordiale* lies the best hope for both our countries, and for the well-being of western Europe.—Light Programme

The message from both Houses of Parliament to the French National Assembly contained an assurance that the tradition of Anglo-French solidarity would continue to be a constant and guiding principle of our foreign policy over future decades. ROLAND FOX, B.B.C. parliamentary correspondent, said in 'Radio Newsreel': 'The resolution in the Commons was moved from a Labour back bench by Mr. Maurice Edelman on behalf of the Franco-British Parliamentary Relations Committee, and seconded from the other side of the House in a scholarly fashion by Professor Sir Douglas Savory. Then the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Eden, rose to associate the Government with the motion. He said that the *Entente Cordiale* originated as an instrument of political policy calculated to remove certain differences in Anglo-French relations. But its character had changed into an expression of friendship, which had come to mean something truly important to the men and women of both countries. Since the war, the two countries had tried to enshrine their relations again, in a number of documents, such as the Treaty of Dunkirk. But Mr. Eden did not think they counted for so much as the acceptance by the two peoples of something nobody could ever destroy; deep feelings of friendship and comradeship, whether the weather be fair or foul. France, he added, expressed to the world the epitome of western civilisation.

'The Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Attlee, said he could remember times when relations with France were extremely bad. But this changed with the building up of the *Entente Cordiale*. Once the will to agree came, squabbles could be settled, and that, said Mr. Attlee, amid cheers, was a lesson to the statesmen of the present time. We believe, he added, in the sentiments of this resolution; that the French and the British may work together many years for the good of both, and the peace of the world. The Liberal leader, Mr. Clement Davies, said the partnership between the two countries was vital for the security of freedom throughout the world. It had stood the test of time, and survived the challenge of adversity. To these speeches was added the voice of a woman member, Miss Jenny Lee, who expressed the belief that if the world was to recover sanity and avoid the danger of a third world war, France and Britain together might be the deciding voice'.

A Class on Trial in Italy

By RICCARDO ARAGNO

WILMA MONTESI was a big Roman girl, pretty though a bit plump. She was the daughter of a carpenter, and just twenty-one. About a year ago she left the family flat after lunch. Seventy-two hours later she was found partly dressed on the beach at Ostia, dead — apparently drowned. According to the police it had been an accident. She had gone to Ostia by train. A friend had told her that for her eczema sea water was the only cure. Foul play, the report said, was definitely ruled out.

I was in Rome myself at about that time to cover the general election. I remember sitting in the spring sunshine in one of the usual haunts along the Via Veneto and hearing people at the tables discussing the case. The general feeling even then was that there was something fishy somewhere. Some well-known political names were muttered into the *espresso* cups and even at that early stage they were the same names that have been making the Italian headlines in recent weeks. My own newspaper spent some anxious days deciding whether to ignore the gossip and treat the case like any other human-interest story, whether to throw doubt on the police statement by hinting at possible crime, or whether to go further and link it, as was being done by gossip, with the election campaign.

It was not until six months later, in early October, that the story broke. A young neo-fascist journalist called Muto—*muto* only in name—wrote down in cold print what everybody had been saying for months: that Wilma, besides being the *fiancée* of a policeman, had also known a good number of high-ranking and high-living men in her short life; that she had died not by drowning but after a drug orgy at a rich man's hunting lodge. The old fascist law which forbids the printing of inaccurate or alarmist reports is still in force, so the young neo-fascist journalist was promptly caught and the Muto trial began. I am not suggesting, incidentally, that Muto had any conscious political motive when he wrote his article. During the first months of this year this trial has developed into the biggest *cause célèbre* Italy has had since the first world war. It began as a plain piece of detective fiction: it turned into a character study *à la* *Simenon* and has now developed into a kind of national heart-searching and a worry about the weaknesses of our society.

As a piece of detective fiction the Montesi case falls into the category which opens with the finding of a corpse. As a character study it is as fascinating—and as sordid—

as our more authentic neo-realist novels and films. First of all, there is Wilma Montesi herself, the working-class girl from an honest home who turns out to have been leading a double life. But there are two other girls: the first, a young and attractive brunette from Milan, Anna Maria

Moneta-Caglio. Anna Maria has already been nicknamed *La Figlia del Secolo*, the Girl of the Twentieth Century. She is wealthy, upper-middle-class, had part of her education in a Swiss boarding school, and, like many Italian girls of her kind who were emancipated by the war, she longed for an independent life. After the usual struggle with her family her father finally relented and let her go to Rome. To give his daughter a good start he provided her with a letter of introduction to a high-ranking friend of his, a member of the Government. In the office of this high public servant, Anna Maria met her fate. He was well dressed, well groomed, middle-aged, and bore an aristocratic name, the Marchese Ugo Montagna di San Bartolomeo. The Marchese moved in the very best circles, was a member of the exclusive Sant' Uberto Club, a friend of the Chief of Police, of the Pope's personal physician, of generals and political personalities. Within no time Anna Maria, still without a job, had a handsome car and the equivalent of about £300 a month. But love did not last and within a few months Anna Maria was back in Milan. Streams of letters, first pleading, then bitter, finally desperate, reached the Marchese in Rome.

Meanwhile, the Muto trial had begun and the papers were devoting much space to it. As in a Pirandello play, in the eyes of Anna Maria the personality of the Marchese began to change. Putting together a mosaic of impressions, of scraps of conversation overheard and incidents experienced, she wrote a stirring memorandum which she sent to her lawyers, to the Italian Minister of the Interior, and to the Pope. In it she accused her former lover of being connected with the death of Wilma Montesi, of

being the head of a dope-smuggling gang and the organiser of orgies at a shooting-lodge outside Rome. In it she also accused of moral laxity Roman society at large. In court she repeated her accusations, naming Ugo Montagna and Piero Piccioni, the son of our present Foreign Minister, as responsible for Wilma Montesi's death.

The third girl was a witness, too. Adriana Bisaccia had reached Rome from the opposite direction. She came from a small town in the south. The flamboyant Anna Maria had shown great fearlessness and



Wilma Montesi, the girl whose body was found on the beach at Ostia. The accusation by a journalist named Muto, that her death occurred not by drowning but as a result of a drug orgy, led to 'the biggest cause célèbre' Italy has had since the first world war



The Marchese Ugo Montagna di San Bartolomeo, and (right) Piero Piccioni, son of the Italian Foreign Minister. Both were alleged by a former mistress of the Marchese to have been concerned in the death of Wilma Montesi

a passionate reforming zeal. Compared with her, Adriana looked provincial and insignificant, as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. Yet she revealed an astonishing gift for keeping her mouth shut, curiously mixed with enjoyment of publicity. As soon as the spotlight of publicity fell on Anna Maria she went ostensibly into hiding in a Florentine convent. But Adriana, when called as a witness, immediately moved out of her 'bed-sitter' into a fashionable hotel and was promoted in the process from film-extra to starlet. She also turned out to know something about drugs. She had been the mistress of an existentialist painter who was a drug addict. 'He gave me two weeks of happiness', she said disarmingly, but disclaimed any knowledge of possible connections between drug traffic and Wilma Montesi's death. According to her lover, however, she tended to talk in her sleep and was several times heard to say something about not wanting to 'be done in like Wilma was'.

Both girls were warmly applauded by the crowd when they entered the gigantic Palazzo di Giustizia in Rome a few weeks ago. By this time it was inevitable that two male witnesses should be called whose names had been mentioned during the trial and by the gossips the year before, Montagna and Piccioni. Piccioni is a lawyer, a disc jockey in a jazz programme, whose income tax, according to his tax returns, is nil. Of Montagna the report which was read out in court declared that he had been a spy for the fascist secret police, a known procurer of women for top-ranking fascists, for the top-ranking German nazis, and for top-ranking allies as well. He had also been in trouble in court for passing dud cheques. Like Macheath in 'The Beggar's Opera', the Marchese had been the particular friend of the Chief of Police. The two had helped each other a great deal at the time of the post-war political clean-up. Very swiftly the Prime Minister requested—and obtained—the resignation of the Chief of Police. Wicked people even insisted that Montagna was not a Marchese at all, but my newspaper proved that rumour wrong. He was. He had been honoured with the title in May 1946 by Umberto, the last king of Italy, during the one month of his reign. There was no evidence, said the report, that his money came from traffic in drugs. On the other hand, it did not come from any easily identifiable source.

As these two men had been described as master-mind and murderer in the Montesi case, we all looked forward eagerly to their evidence. But the evidence did not come. The day before it was due the trial was abruptly adjourned, to await a third investigation into how Wilma Montesi had died. A further announcement soon linked this investigation with a general enquiry into the drug traffic in Italy.

Cleaning Up National Life

At this point the individual characters recede into the background before the feeling, which is mounting, that the Muto trial itself is a mere incident in a process of cleaning up our national life: that what is on trial is not so much this or that individual but an entire class. Take the numerous other cases of dope-peddling, smuggling, and drug-taking which have recently come to light. The people involved in them are not what you would expect: no hardened gangster, no seedy member of the underworld, not even some poor wretch driven to make a living in this illegal way. Instead we find a young prince, heir to one of the oldest aristocratic families in Rome, a wealthy industrialist from the north, the head of a pharmaceutical factory in Turin, a university professor from Padua. In Emilia a group of high-society people has been rounded up. The drug traffic apart, there have been sensational cases of currency smuggling, corruption, and tax evasion, all involving members of the respectable middle class.

Another common feature of all these cases has been to raise questions in people's minds about the efficiency of the police. How is it, people have asked themselves, that the police seem to know so little about the background of Wilma Montesi's death? Not until two weeks ago did they finally decide to inspect the shooting lodge at Capocotta in which the orgy was supposed to have taken place. By the time they got there the caretaker had gone to Peru and every trace of the building had disappeared. In its place there was a flower bed. But people not only suspect the police of inefficiency and incidentally of unscrupulous methods in the detection of crime, but of hushing it up. It is known that after Wilma Montesi's body was found a meeting took place in the office of the Chief of the Italian Police. It was a meeting between him, Montagna, and Piccioni. What went on during the meeting has not yet been satisfactorily explained.

It is around this missing link that at present most newspaper comment revolves. Many government supporters take the view that nothing must

be done to harm the prestige of the law, but other voices insist that the whole truth must out. A new phrase has been heard almost daily during the Muto trial and repeatedly ever since: public opinion has a right to know. This feeling is itself one of the novelties we are experiencing since the end of the war. As the weekly newspaper *Il Mondo* pointed out in one of its acid cartoons, the whole thing would have been so much easier under the fascist régime. The Minister of Propaganda and Popular Culture would have told the press in his daily directives: 'Ignore Anna Maria Caglio's accusations'. And that would have been that. Instead of which the Montesi case and all the other cases have met the full blast of a free press, riotously free just because this freedom is still so new. Obviously the newspapers are making the most of it. But by giving the Muto trial, the drug traffic, the currency smuggling, the tax evasion, the full glare of publicity on their crime pages they have forced—or helped—the Government to pay very serious attention to the issues involved. So while the crime pages are full of lurid details, the political pages and editorials contain passionate appeals for a 'remoralisation' of the nation's life. The long-awaited trial of the ruling class has begun.

Moral Phase of Reconstruction

To understand this sudden and feverish preoccupation with morality in political life we must for a moment look back. Ten years ago we were approaching the end of a regime and the end of a lost war. Italy was in a worse state than she had been for centuries. But it was also the moment of a great popular upsurge, of a genuine longing for freedom and for a wholly new start. For a short while it felt as if the *Risorgimento* had come again. I think one tends to forget now how deeply the ideals of freedom, democracy, justice, even of the Atlantic Charter, had stirred Italian imagination. We may have been naive, perhaps simple-minded, but the feeling was perfectly genuine. The individual, humiliated under fascism, saw his chance. The need for community feeling, in a country with a great tendency to anarchy, was equally strong. Indeed, our hopes went far beyond any possibility of realisation. But in fact materially the new start was made. By 1950 we had achieved a higher standard of life, a greater measure of material welfare, even in the depressed areas, than we had ever enjoyed before. Yet it would have been impossible to miss at the same time an increasing feeling of a revolution unfulfilled. The present wave of scandals thrashed out in public is, in my opinion, a sign that the second and more important phase of reconstruction has begun, the moral one.

The renewal of our ruling class is perhaps the most laborious and painful process in the body of our society. The old pre-fascist ruling class is rapidly dying out. We still have in our midst a sizeable number of old gentlemen of great dignity, strong moral principles, austere habits, who were the backbone of Italian society from the turn of the century to the first world war. We may smile about their staunch conservatism, we may dislike their rhetoric, but they are our only link with tradition today. That is why, to the surprise of foreign observers, perhaps, we felt such a real sense of loss when Orlando, Nitti, and, even more, when Croce died. We still have a much greater number of representatives of the fascist ruling class fighting for survival or for a come-back. They represent a nation-wide net of interests, of friendships and influence, of wealth which no amount of legislation can remove within a fixed time. They are a group of middle-aged men with an air of self-confidence born out of the absolute authority which for years they used to wield; almost incapable of discussion; utterly cynical; and with a tremendous determination to hold their own. Having lost political power, they have concentrated on wealth, a power which in Italy can still challenge the political one.

Political Power in New Hands

Political power is now held by an entirely new class. This was formed either underground—a spiritual underground long before the fighting underground—or in exile. Having to work within a complex party system, they present a much less united front than the previous one. Communists and fascists, who know this, lose no opportunity for bringing them and parliament into disrepute. These new men have to assert themselves amongst problems that would embarrass any well-established ruling class. I remember the sensation it caused, after the fantastic pomp of fascist dictatorship, when Parri, the first Prime Minister after the war, had his camp bed carried into his office at the Viminale. Most of these new men have indeed something of the modesty and austerity of life that was typical of the old *Italiotta*, dignified and soundly

provincial. De Gasperi, Pella, Fanfani, and Scelba, our last four Prime Ministers, all fit into the same pattern.

Still, public opinion has long been looking for some dramatic sign that the close link between money and political power, so typical of the fascist *régime*, was really being cut, that there is no longer any form of inequality before the law. This challenge, never quite faced by de Gasperi, has now been accepted by Scelba, who has proved himself on various occasions an almost ruthless defender of democracy. Acting swiftly, he has now set up three special commissions to deal with all aspects of social morality. The leading figure in these is Don Sturzo,

one of the most widely respected men in public life and a living link with the pre-fascist days.

To the foreign observer all this may seem a long way from the death of a Roman girl on the shore between Ostia and Anzio. Gossip, scandal, and sensational trials may seem a strange way of achieving social evolution in the modern world. But somehow I cannot quite see Fabian methods making much headway in Italy. It probably suits our character better to do things in a spectacular way—through the thrills of love, death, and mystery, all centred on the fate of a pretty though rather plump girl from Rome.—*Third Programme*

Gaps in the Nato Defence Line

By Rear-Admiral ANGUS NICHOLL

NOW that we are faced with what Sir Winston Churchill describes as 'the stupendous perils of atomic and hydrogen development' it might be thought that the type of defence the Atlantic Treaty powers are building up—tanks, guns, divisions, and aircraft—is obsolete and valueless. I want to make it clear that that is not the case. No one can say for certain yet how things are going to turn out or how war would be waged if it came during the next few years. The certainty is that Soviet Russia has a huge army and air force and has used them ruthlessly in the cold war. At this moment there are no less than eighteen armoured divisions in east Germany alone. Why? The ability to counter-attack with atom or hydrogen bombs is a powerful deterrent but counter-attack would come too late if the countries of western Europe had already been overrun. It is therefore imperative that the Nato alliance should build up defences strong enough to withstand a sudden attack. The build-up is going well, but there are gaps in the line.

Economic Problems and National Prejudices

There are military gaps, such as the shortage of troops; shortages of equipment and stores; and shortcomings in the command arrangements. There is the physical or geographical gap in the allied defence line, such as Yugoslavia. There are also gaps or weaknesses in matters which are not easy to define, such as the relationships between Nato and the general public of the allied nations; difficulties between the allies owing to economic problems, national prejudices, and things of that sort.

The broad military aims of Nato are to meet the requirements of the cold war, to prevent world war if we can; and, if we cannot, to make sure we will win. An inevitable weakness from the allied point of view—a weakness which can only be accepted—is that the deployment of troops necessary for the cold war is possibly not the best to meet the threat of world war. The satisfactory thing is that, thanks to the existence of Nato and to the steps the allies have taken in the cold war, world war has so far been prevented and seems less likely than it did.

When the Nato Supreme Headquarters was first set up in Europe in 1951, the general estimate was that the most dangerous time for the allies and the most likely time for world war to break out would be the end of 1952. But 1952 came and went and the danger point was put back to the end of 1953. That has also gone by and now, instead of a new danger point, we find that the formula is to prepare to meet the threat of a war which might come at some unspecified time in the future. Nothing shows more clearly the practical results of the Nato build-up than this removal of a definite danger period and the substitution of something indefinite and therefore a good deal less alarming.

The allies, of course, have by no means got all they want in the way of men or equipment. But I have been round to nearly all the Nato Commands and have spoken to most of the allied leaders and you certainly do not find despondency anywhere. It is true that they all want more of everything but they all feel that the worst of the danger is past. When Nato was first formed the allied defences were so weak that, as General Gruenther put it, all the Russians needed for a walk to the Atlantic coast of Europe was boots. Today things are very different and the allied forces are now strong enough to stand up to any lightning stroke which Soviet Russia might attempt without warning. This means that before they could attack with any hope of success the Russians would have to build up a concentration of troops and armour. The

allies would be bound to get wind of it; and the warning of the Russian intention would give the allies time to prepare to meet the attack and to arrange their counter-blows.

But the free world cannot hope to keep up a big enough force to hold out indefinitely and their policy is rather to build up a shield strong enough to hold firm while they mobilise their full strength behind it. There are, however, serious weaknesses. First, the shield is not yet strong enough: it needs mainly more divisions and more air squadrons. Secondly, the arrangements for getting the reserve formations in the allied countries into the front line are not speedy enough. And, lastly, the most serious of all, little progress has yet been made for the rapid turn-over of the whole national effort to a war-time footing. If war should come the allies would survive only if they could rapidly reorganise their whole population for war. But many of the allies have hardly scratched the surface of the problems of civil defence, of preparations for rationing, and other inevitable war-time controls and for war production in general.

This brings me straight to the geographical gaps—and perhaps the most important is Germany. It is true that strong allied forces are in position in western Germany but so far there are no German troops. The allies would be in a much better position if they had more divisions for the defence of central Europe, not only to prevent a thrust to the west, but to act as a bulwark to cover Denmark and Norway against attack from the south. This gap can be filled only by German forces: in fact, the allied military leaders have emphasised since the earliest days of the alliance that an effective defence of western Europe cannot be built up without the participation of German forces. So there will be a bad gap until the European army has been formed or some other means has been found of bringing in the Germans. The European Defence Community Treaty has been hanging fire for a dangerously long time. It was proposed by the French Government as the only scheme acceptable to them for the rearming of Germany. The delay in its approval is due to French hesitations.

Position of Yugoslavia

Another geographical gap is Yugoslavia. The fact that Yugoslavia is not associated with Nato is a serious weakness in southern Europe. The threats most to be feared in that area would be a thrust from Austria into north-eastern Italy and from Bulgaria into northern Greece and Turkish Thrace. Sound defence arrangements would be possible only while the Italian and Greek borders with Yugoslavia remained intact. It is very much to the advantage of Nato defence that Greece, Turkey, and Yugoslavia have joined together in the Balkan Pact. On the other hand, the bitter differences between Italy and Yugoslavia over Trieste prevent full military understanding and exchange of information, if not of support. Yet those are an essential preliminary to a secure position in north-eastern Italy.

There is one more geographical gap. It is at the southern end of the line in the Middle East. A sound position in the Middle East is vital to western defence. The countries bordering the Mediterranean could continue to fight only if there was an uninterrupted flow of supplies and reinforcements along the Mediterranean sea routes and supplies of oil from Middle East sources. Britain alone stands guard in the Middle East and bears the whole burden. Nato's southern flank will be secure only when the responsibility of Middle East defence is shared by other

members of the alliance and when the Middle East countries themselves awake to their dangers and co-operate in their own defence.

These weaknesses which I have called geographical gaps are, of course, matters of high politics, but the military structure will be weak until sound political solutions are found for all of them. Political and economic difficulties are also holding Nato up in many matters of detail—for example, in the matter of equipment. Here the most serious shortage is in aircraft. Again, the allies are immeasurably better off than they were in the early days. When Nato began the air situation could only be described as grim. The total number of aircraft for allied air defence in western Europe was about 400. Now for the same purpose there are over 4,500, and this figure does not include such important formations as Britain's Bomber Command and Coastal Command and the strategic air forces of the United States based in Europe. Moreover, a chain of airfields has been built: 125 new Nato airfields have already been completed and they give great flexibility to the air organisation.

Weakness in Air Defences

But many more air formations are still wanted to work with the allied armies and to defend the allied countries against air attack; the weakness is particularly serious at the ends of the line in Norway and Denmark, in Italy, Greece, and Turkey. At the same time, the allies possess in the background the powerful deterrent of the American and British strategic bomber forces which, from land bases and from aircraft carriers, are capable of delivering counter-attack with atom bombs deep into the heart of Soviet Russia.

Another shortcoming is in the matter of standardisation of arms, but this is a matter in which it is easy enough to see the advantages but very difficult to achieve anything in practice. Standardisation of procedure, of tactics, signal books, and so on is a comparatively easy matter and encouraging progress has been made. But when it comes to weapons or anything in the world of production, it is extremely hard to make any progress at all. There have been one or two steps forward, such as the adoption of a standard .300 bullet for small arms, and the British recently gave a lead in adopting the Belgian rifle; but unless other nations adopt the rifle, too, only a very minor gain will have been made. However, there is no call for an undue sense of frustration at this slow progress in the standardisation of weapons; at best it is bound to be a slow process. It is obvious that Soviet Russia with its centralised production holds a big advantage over the allies with their great diversity of production, for which a remedy is difficult to find.

A further Nato weakness is the difference of length of national service in different countries. In the opinion of the military leaders national service among the allies should be a minimum of two years. There are practical difficulties in some countries, such as a shortage of barracks, but many of the difficulties are purely political and the solution depends largely on public opinion and the general attitude of the people towards national service. It is at least encouraging that two of the countries, Norway and Denmark, have recently increased their period of service, but there is little realisation among the general public that Nato is an organisation not only to provide defence against possible attack, but also to enable the free nations to hold their own in the cold war. Finally, there is a grave weakness of Nato which may have serious results if not put right. It is the ignorance and apathy which undoubtedly exists among the allied people as a whole—the lack of knowledge of what Nato is and what it stands for. Only a small percentage of the population know anything about it at all.

A basic difficulty is that Nato is regarded as something foreign—an organisation in which the individual citizen has no personal concern except that he is taxed heavily to support it. Amongst the mass of people in Great Britain, for example, there is little realisation of the part which Britain is playing in Nato or of the fact that, in the event of an aggressive attack on western Europe, their own freedom and indeed existence would depend upon the success of the Nato defences—that Nato defence and the defence of Britain are synonymous terms.

This state of affairs is perhaps understandable as there is an instinctive distaste, certainly in Britain, to any authority superior to their own government. The only remedy is to find means of informing the people—of making them aware of the importance of Nato in their lives. There is still a resistance to the Nato idea in official circles. There are still many people, perhaps more of the older ones than of the younger ones, in official circles who ought to be aware of the purpose of Nato but are obsessed by their own departmental or national responsibilities and at best give Nato second place in their thoughts and energies. This does not occur very much among the smaller member nations but it

certainly exists among the more powerful members who have defence responsibilities outside Nato.

One of the reasons for this may be that there is no individual in any of the allied countries whose sole responsibility is for Nato matters. Nato is not a very attractive plank in political controversy. Politics play such a big part in the everyday affairs of government that ministers, while constantly stressing the importance of Nato, are perhaps insufficiently interested in its practical working. And in every allied country the practical working of Nato means sacrifices in men, money, and markets. If each country had some individual, some Minister, whose prime responsibility was Nato—not only its military side, but also Nato information, Nato publicity, the following-up of Nato Council resolutions—then perhaps more progress could be made in letting the people know what it is all about.

There is also lack of enthusiasm in some of the countries over the presence of allied troops on their soil. It is, of course, only common sense that in preparing a defence plan for the whole alliance the allied troops and air formations should be stationed to the best advantage. It is obvious that the weaker members, from the military point of view, should, for the time being, be reinforced. Yet in the case of some countries, it is against their constitutions for foreign troops to be stationed on their soil. They rely on the speedy arrival of allied reinforcements and shut their eyes to the possibility that in the event of sudden attack there might not be time for help to reach them. This attitude is totally unrealistic, particularly as it is really only a question of degree; all allied countries have already accepted the presence of foreign commanders and staffs on their soil.

There is also a definite anti-American bias among some of the allies which is most harmful. Some national prejudice is understandable, but the anti-American feeling which has grown up in some allied countries might become a great danger if it is not checked. It is mainly due to ignorance—ignorance of the immense part played by America in Nato and of the fact that American industrial strength, wealth, and leadership form the rock on which the whole alliance rests. This gap can be closed only by political action in the countries concerned.

Thus there are what I have called military and geographical gaps for which there are only political solutions: there are shortages of men and weapons and big gaps in civil organisation which can only be cured by the passing of time, by unflagging determination, and by the acceptance of sacrifices by the allied peoples. There is apathy and lack of understanding among the populations which can be put right only by giving them constant information and, so, building up confidence.

A Comforting Thought

At the same time, in past wars it has usually taken allies about two years to get properly together, to work out their command system and their political leadership—two years in which errors and weakness in organisation and lack of preparedness have cost thousands of lives and untold amounts of treasure. Nato's great achievement is that this period of trial and error will not be necessary if another war should come. The details of allied co-operation have been worked out, a complete command system is established, the commanders and staffs are in their headquarters, and the forces themselves are already working together with common Nato signal books and standardised tactics. If the balloon should go up tomorrow morning, troops could be moved, orders sent to shipping, and air formations brought to the alert for defence and counter-attack. It is a comforting thought. Perhaps the most difficult thing in Nato was to start it at all. Now we have been going five years and what has been achieved is little short of a miracle.—*Third Programme*

Sukumaland: an African People and their Country, by D. W. Malcolm (International African Institute, 30s.), is an extremely competent and important study of land use in one of the largest tribal areas of Tanganyika. After giving the relevant details about environment, population, etc., the author discusses the rights and powers of indigenous authorities in relation to land tenure, the various methods by which commoners acquire and hold land, and the local systems of cultivation and animal husbandry, with special reference to their effects upon productivity. He then shows what steps have been taken to improve land utilisation, and incidentally indicates the major role played in the reforms by the co-operation of the tribal authorities. Since much of the so-called 'Native agitation' in East Africa arises from problems connected with land, the Tanganyika Government has performed a useful service in arranging for the publication of the book, which should be read by all who are interested in the welfare of the African. It is well written, has good illustrations and helpful maps: the more technical sections have wisely been relegated to the appendix.

Mr. Dulles and the Crisis over Indo-China

By RICHARD GOOLD-ADAMS

I WAS reminded last week of a conversation I once had with Mr. Dulles shortly before he became America's Secretary of State. I was struck by his wide and genuine interest in the affairs of Asia. His earlier career was not specially concerned with Asia, but ever since he was appointed by President Truman to negotiate the Japanese peace treaty, he has become particularly associated in people's minds with America's Far Eastern policy, and I know he himself has done a great deal of thinking about Asian problems.

Following Up the Lesson of Korea

Mr. Dulles has flown here—and is going on to Paris—to talk about the crisis in Indo-China, which I personally think has become as important as the war in Korea ever was. As I see it, the spread of communism in Indo-China by military means has to be stopped—for two reasons. The first is that Indo-China, and so south-east Asia as a whole, is an area which we cannot afford to lose, if India and the rest of Asia are ultimately to remain free. But there is a second reason which is just as important. Unless we can follow up the lesson of Korea—namely that aggression cannot be allowed to pay—we are going to end on the same slippery slope that led to war in 1939. The vital difference between Korea and the invasion of Abyssinia in the nineteen-thirties was that in Korea the victims of aggression were helped by the rest of the world. We all turned and fought back. And that was a vital start. But today the communist rulers in Moscow and Peking are not going to be put off their aims of conquest by anything except continued and successful opposition to their policies. And although Korea was a shock to them, it is clear that they are giving help in Indo-China nevertheless. But to resist them now is made even more important than it was in Korea by the very fact of our Korean success. For if we fail in Indo-China we shall in a sense have fought the whole Korean war in vain.

The crisis over Indo-China has arisen because the developments of the past month have suddenly led to a deep division of opinion between the French and Americans. And this will be extremely dangerous to the west as a whole if it cannot be resolved before the forthcoming Geneva Conference with the Russians and Chinese. That is why Mr. Dulles has come to Europe. This crisis is caused by three things. One is the intensification of the actual fighting, and the great prestige value now attached by both sides to the fate of the stronghold of Dien Bien Phu. This has become the most critical battle of the seven years' war. Secondly, the flare-up in the fighting has happened at a moment when all the political parties in France—for different reasons—have all become anxious to stop the war, if only they could find a way of getting out without a military or political disaster. Military, because many of their troops would be annihilated if they attempted to evacuate without a truce; and political, because, in spite of their desire to quit, the French Government is not prepared just to surrender to the communist-led rebels, backed by Moscow and Peking. For whatever most of those who are struggling for independence in Indo-China do want, it is not communism; if they did want to exchange French rule for Chinese, the rebels would have won long ago.

The other, and indeed main, reason why events in Indo-China have come to a head is the historic twist that Mr. Dulles has given to American policy since the beginning of this year, and in particular during the past three weeks. This began with a general warning to the communist powers that America would retaliate against aggression by means which might include the atom bomb, and not necessarily in the same places where the aggression occurred. And this 'new look' in American policy has culminated in two specific steps over Indo-China. One was Mr. Dulles' warning to the Chinese a fortnight ago that the United States would not stand by and see Indo-China overrun. The other is his current attempt to get all nations concerned with the fate of south-east Asia to join America in making a similar 'declaration of common purpose', as he puts it.

This has got Mr. Dulles into rather deep water. Personally, however, I think on the whole it is a big improvement that the Americans

should now recognise what our own Foreign Office has been saying for a long time: that it was no use building a great dam against the communists in Korea if the waters of aggression were simply to spill over further south instead. The trouble is that no one can yet see just how America's new attitude—that south-east Asia is now of direct concern to the United States—can be put into practice, and it certainly involves considerable risks. For the Americans want two very difficult things: to keep France in the field till some form of satisfactory truce can be arranged, and in spite of the bitterly determined mood of immediate negotiations in Paris; and to prevent the Chinese giving even more substantial help to the Viet-Minh rebels, without either committing American forces to Indo-China, or using the atom bomb and so risking a world war.

American influence has already had two political effects in Peking. Fear of American retaliation has in my view done a great deal to help prevent an outright Chinese invasion of Indo-China; and desire to get rid of the Americans has encouraged the Chinese to want a truce. But now that Mr. Dulles has committed the United States to a somewhat more rigid position the question is: what happens if he is really challenged to honour his words? As Mr. Acheson, the previous Secretary of State, recently pointed out, it is not much use threatening to retaliate with atomic weapons—let alone the hydrogen bomb—if you dare not use them when it comes to the point. And under its first test—Indo-China—America's 'new look' policy of 'massive retaliation' is already beginning, so Mr. Acheson claims, to appear rather less effective than people thought it was. There is a good deal in that, and we have yet to see what the result will be. But, that being said, if the worst came to the worst, it would be far better for the Americans to intervene in Indo-China, as they did on behalf of the United Nations in Korea, without resort to atomic weapons, than to let the country collapse to the other side. And I think we should feel morally bound at least to help with a token British force.

Questions about the Bombs

Mr. Acheson's observation does also raise three other interesting questions about the atomic and hydrogen bombs. First, can the atom bomb ever be dropped again on an Asian target by white people without our first using it, as it were, on ourselves? The revulsion of feeling might be so great that the action would defeat its own purpose. Secondly, if the atom bomb was not used in Korea and may perhaps never be used over Indo-China, can possession of it really play any direct role in these localised wars? As long as both major power blocs mean—as they do at present—to avoid a world war, then they may avoid using the atom bomb indefinitely. If so, this in practice robs the west of one of its main weapons, in spite of all that Mr. Dulles has said. Lastly, if not the atom bomb, then surely not the hydrogen bomb? I would tend to agree with those who think that the arrival of the hydrogen bomb is more likely to promote world peace than world war—so long as neither side thinks that it could achieve a knock-out blow. But I simply cannot imagine anything more idiotically silly than to stop America's atomic experiments without stopping Russia's, too.

—Home Service

Among recent books connected with military and naval matters are: *The Nation and the Navy*, by Christopher Lloyd (Cresset Press, 18s.); *The British Submarine*, by Commander F. W. Lipscomb (Black, 25s.); *Skis against the Atom*, by Knut Hankelid (William Kimber, 15s.); *Independent Company: the 2/2 and 2/4 Australian Independent Companies in Portuguese Timor 1941-1943*, by Bernard J. Callinan (Heinemann, 18s.); *How Russia Makes War: Soviet Military Doctrine*, by Raymond L. Garthoff (Allen and Unwin, 25s.); and *Crete*, by D. M. Davin, in the official history of New Zealand in the second world war (Oxford, 30s.). Among other recent books are: *South China in the Sixteenth Century*, edited by C. R. Boxer (Bernard Quaritch, for the Hakluyt Society, 40s.); *The Development of the Papacy*, by H. Burn-Murdoch (Faber, 42s.); *Greece, a Political and Economic Survey 1939-1953* by Bickham Sweet-Escott (R.I.I.A., 18s.); *Britain: an Official Handbook* (H.M.S.O., 10s.).

The Listener

What They Are Saying

The war in Indo-China

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage): £1 4s. sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents.

Easter 1954

CHRISTIANITY, it has been said, is not a fair weather religion. If it had been, it could never have lasted as long as it has or entered so abidingly into the hearts of men. In the gospel story is mirrored the human situation, nowhere more clearly, it may be suggested, than in the events that led up to—and followed—our Lord's last journey to Calvary. Tragedy and hope are the keynotes of that theme; albeit some would prefer in place of hope to speak of faith and promise. But tragedy and hope are the common experience of mankind. We suffer tragedy and we live by hope—an assertion borne in on us with peculiar emphasis as we reflect on the meaning of Easter in this year of grace 1954.

It is bad enough that with all the resources at their command, with all the gifts with which they have been endowed, with all the talents they have developed, men cannot manage their affairs in an orderly and peaceful fashion. That they have never been able to do so, that since Cain slew Abel the scourge of war has plagued succeeding generations, has to be accepted as a fact: but to accept it as man's inevitable fate, as an edict of providence by whose inexorable decree we are for ever bound, is surely not to act in accordance with our nature: it is rather to belie it. Nor in any case is it good sense. We may not in the last and most searching analysis be masters of our fate; but we can at least make an effort to improve on our past record. Today men all over the world are faced with the necessity of making decisions of the most momentous character. The effects of these decisions may well determine the destiny of the human race in a manner scarcely imaginable by any save those who have emerged into the atomic age. The forces that have brought us face to face with the necessity for making such decisions are instruments of our own designing, devices that man's insatiable urge to uncover the secrets of nature has enabled him to invent. That urge—we have clothed it with the name of science—recognises its own rules and loyalties, but is unconcerned with ethics and morals which form, or should form, the canon of man's behaviour. By what code we shall live is not a question that a scientist, as a scientist, need be concerned with. But it is a question that every citizen, including every scientist, has a duty to consider and to the best of his ability to answer.

This to be sure is not to say anything new: nor in logic is the problem any different now from what it always has been. But logic has never been much of a guide in human affairs. In our age man is faced, as he has never before been faced, with the prospect of his own destruction. The means are practically to hand: the question is, are the moral imperatives equally available to prevent those means from being used? Truly we must search our hearts before replying that they are. One thing is certain. Science in this context cannot give us the answer we are looking for. What we lack is not knowledge but wisdom, and the beginning of wisdom is the fear of God. Yet, as Mr. H. M. Tomlinson has lately written: 'We turned long ago from the sanctuary to the dynamo. The laboratory has had priority over the altar, and is still so sacred that only its high priests may go near. But now we see what pure knowledge is. It can be death; and of the mind, too'. To go back to the consideration of first things is surely now our duty and our hope, perhaps our only hope. For Christians it is a hope that is fortified by faith—a faith that is renewed each year at the great festival of Easter and carries with it a promise that gives to life both meaning and coherence.

MR. DULLES' WARNING about Chinese intervention in the war in Indo-China was discussed last week in many foreign broadcasts. A number of American newspapers stressed that the question of a joint warning to China—concerning which there would be close consultation with America's allies—far from precipitating a war, would prevent one from taking place. The *Baltimore Sun* was quoted as saying that while wider military action or the threat of such action might be needed to create stability in south-east Asia, such stability could not be achieved by military action alone:

That region's yearning for independence . . . must be satisfied. One of our first purposes must be to see that it is satisfied under secure conditions which would make for greater real strength in south-east Asia.

The *New York Times* was quoted as saying that other nations need have no misgivings that the U.S. would take independent action in Indo-China or would act hastily in enlarging the war. The *New York Herald Tribune* expressed the view that a solemn warning by all the Powers concerned in south-east Asia could do much to deter potential aggressors from crossing the fatal line which separated aid from actual aggression. From France, a number of newspapers were quoted as being critical of Mr. Dulles' plan for a joint warning to China, since it was felt by America's allies that it would prejudice the chances of agreement at the Geneva conference. They added, however, that if that conference failed, internationalisation of the conflict would be inevitable because France could not continue to carry the burden alone. The Radical-Socialist *L'Aurore* was quoted as saying that the French refused to consider in advance that the Geneva conference was bound to end in deadlock. Some of the left-wing newspapers deplored Mr. Dulles' statement lest it should provoke direct Chinese intervention. The Catholic-Conservative *Le Figaro*, considering the American attitude in the light of the forthcoming negotiations at Geneva, was quoted as saying:

No useful purpose is served by any negotiations if one's attitude is weak. On the contrary, it is only by asserting beyond any doubt that the west will not tolerate the fall of the Indo-Chinese bastion that the chances of peace can best be preserved.

From Australia, the *Melbourne Herald* was quoted as follows:

We have a moral duty to give support to our allies in any carefully considered plan for the collective restraint of further Chinese aggression. We must use our own influence towards ensuring that every resource of diplomacy is tried before subscribing to a straight-out ultimatum. . . . The situation calls for close and realistic study of its potential consequences to us all.

From India, several newspapers were quoted criticising Mr. Dulles' statement as likely to wreck the Geneva conference before it starts. A Chinese transmission described Mr. Dulles' statement as 'a dangerous manoeuvre', and went on to:

Dulles lied and slanderously charged China with intervening in the Indo-Chinese war. He attempted to use this vile method to hoodwink world public opinion and cover up the crime of active American intervention in the war, and create a pretext for the U.S. to extend its intervention. . . .

Moscow broadcasts stressed that the Geneva conference could open the way for peaceful negotiation; however, Mr. Dulles had openly declared his determination that the war in Indo-China should continue, and even become 'a concerted action'.

According to a Czechoslovak broadcast on Soviet atomic activities, the U.S.S.R. had already used atomic power for peaceful purposes—for example in 'dislodging large mountains', and work was now going on to harness atomic power to electricity production. Another broadcast came from east Germany, which alleged that whereas the Americans could not transport their 'dual bomb' over long distances, the U.S.S.R. (according to 'western publications') had 'succeeded in designing the hydrogen bomb so as to do without a super-atom bomb as detonator':

This would mean that Soviet industry could manufacture hydrogen bombs more rapidly and in mass production and that Soviet long-range aircraft could carry the bomb great distances.

From the United States *The Washington Post and Times Herald* was quoted for the following comment:

Considering the importance of avoiding a hydrogen bomb war, every major power should go into the forthcoming disarmament discussions prepared for maximum concessions to make a sound agreement possible.

Did You Hear That?

WHY THE PRICE OF TEA IS GOING UP

'TODAY', said PHILIP WITHAM in 'Home Affairs', 'we are the greatest tea-drinking nation in the world in proportion to our population. We drink just on ten lb. per head. It is a bit of a shock therefore to nearly everyone to read that the price of tea is likely to go up again. Why is it that we should be faced with the prospect of paying more for what has become a national institution?

'There are a number of reasons—all tied up with supply and demand. To begin with, it now costs anything from between 2s. 10d. to 3s. 4d. a lb. to bring tea from the estate in India to London. Before the war it cost only about 11½d. or 1s. Wages, materials, and freights all are responsible.

'Then, again, world consumption of tea has increased tremendously—even in the past two or three years—and the supply sources just cannot cope with the demand. For instance, India herself drinks twice as much tea as she used, African consumption has trebled itself, and America, Australia, and the Middle East countries have suddenly become far more tea conscious.

'Furthermore, although India, Ceylon, and Pakistan grow more tea than they used to, Indonesia's tea crop—which before the war was the third largest—has gone down by about 100,000,000 lb. This is due in the first place to destruction by the Japanese in the war and, secondly, to the civil strife there since the end of the war.

'Why cannot new tea estates be opened up? It is because the cost of doing this is well over twice what it was before the war. Today it would cost in the region of £400 an acre and tea does not mature for seven or eight years. Tea in East Africa is increasing but this is minute compared to the total needed and there is not a hope of increasing African production very much more. For one thing, labour is short there and suitable land is limited.

'One can see how short the supply of tea is by comparing the prices in Mincing Lane, the centre of the London tea trade. Last week common teas were 4s. 7d. a lb. as against 3s. 4½d. for the corresponding sale a year ago. These prices reflected the shortage of last season's teas. There was a drop of 23,000,000 lb. of tea from North India alone. The reason for this was that tea growers were trying to economise on costs by limiting the amount of expensive fertilisers—as a result they get a smaller crop. There you have a good example of the familiar vicious circle.

'Finally, the main producing countries of India, Pakistan, and Ceylon, are all now independent states in the Commonwealth and so they can call the tune regardless of the fact that practically all the capital of these tea companies comes from Britain. Let us hope these countries will, however, remember that we in Britain are their best customers and if they make it expensive for tea firms to produce tea may become too expensive a drink for the average household here, and this would reflect badly on their own economy'.

THE MAN WHO GAVE AMERICA ITS NAME

In Florence recently they have been holding public celebrations to commemorate the birth there 500 years ago of no less a being than the man from whom the continent of America takes its name. He was called Amerigo Vespucci, and was born in the fifteenth century, though the exact date is uncertain. ROBERT STIMSON, B.B.C. correspondent in Rome, spoke in the Light Programme about the occasion.

'The celebrations', he said, 'began with a mass in All Saints' Church

which contains the tombs of some members of the Vespucci family, though not that of Amerigo, who died in Spain. Later, the Mayor of Florence led a procession to the banks of the River Arno, and unveiled a memorial stone that will be incorporated in a new bridge to be named in Amerigo Vespucci's honour.

'There is much uncertainty in the minds of scholars about some aspects of Vespucci's life, opinions differ for example, about the date of his birth—was it 1454 or 1451? Most reference books give the earlier date. It is known that he was a Florentine merchant who settled in Spain as the agent of the commercial house of the Medici. According to his own accounts which many authorities find unconvincing he made a

number of voyages across the Atlantic. He claimed that on one of these voyages, five years after Columbus had discovered the New World, he himself reached the American continent on June 16, 1497, that is eight days before another explorer John Cabot.

'Cabot, who may have been born in Genoa, sailed for America under a patent from Henry VII of England. He landed at Nova Scotia, and it was on the strength of this discovery that the English based their claim to North America. Whatever the truth may be about Amerigo Vespucci's voyages, a German geographer paid him the honour of applying the name America to what we now know as South America in a map published in 1507. Some thirty years later, the Flemish geographer Mercator first used the name America to indicate both North and South America'.



Statue of Amerigo Vespucci, the Florentine merchant and traveller, in the Uffizi, Venice

WEATHER-WISE PROVERBS

Speaking of proverbial sayings about the weather in the Midland Home Service, GORDON MANLEY, Professor of Geography in the University of London, said, 'Looking at a few of them, we find a well-developed regard for the importance of the wind direction and the weather on certain saints' days. One of the few that most of us know is that "if it rains on St. Swithin [July 15] it is rain for forty days after". But we soon find there are many variants. The French have the same proverb for St. Protais on June 19. Another proverb is that "if it rains on St. Mary's day [July 2] it will rain for four weeks"; and there are other variations, so obviously they cannot all be true.

'What all this points to is the tendency in most years all over northern Europe and far into Germany for July to be wetter and more humid and cloudy than June, so that if mid-July is already rainy, it will often go on being rainy. Some German meteorologists have even used the term "European monsoon" for the inward burst of moist Atlantic air which they reckon can be expected to spread far into Germany, bringing with it a less settled type of weather, somewhere about the third or fourth week in June in most years. But the fact that the old sayings refer to so many different saints' days shows that there can be no precision about it.

'The danger of these "saints' day" proverbs was recognised in the reign of Henry VIII, when a proclamation was made against almanacks which transmitted the belief that the saints ruled the weather. Moreover, so many of the proverbs are common to several countries that they cannot all apply: one has the impression that a number were passed on, probably through the monasteries from Spain or France to England.

'In the English Midlands there seems likewise to be much regard for Martinmas, that is, November 11. It was an old saying round Atherstone that "where the wind is on Martinmas eve, there it will be for the winter". What this presumably means is that if the wind

is south-west and mild in mid-November, it will remain so through December and January; but if cold easterly or northerly winds prevail in November, cold will tend to persist. Unfortunately this seems to be contradicted by the other proverbs: "If there's ice in November that will bear a duck, there'll be nothing after but sludge and muck" and "If at Martinmas it is fair, dry, and cold, the cold in winter will not last long".

'Let us have a look at the March and April sayings. First of all: "if there's no snow before January, the more in March and April". Also: "if the wind's in the east on Candlemas day [February 2], there it will stay till the second of May". The first saying is clearly a caution against optimism; and this year we have still time for some more snow; but the wind certainly has not stayed in the east, although it was certainly east on February 2.

'We ought proverbially to expect a sharp return of cold both in April and May. The Scots have it that "March borrows of April three days and they are ill" and "the worst blast comes in the borrowing days".

'In Staffordshire they put it:

March borrowed of April, April
borrowed of May

Three days, they say:

One rained, and one snow, and the
other

Was the worst day that ever blew.

'There may be something in this. If we remind ourselves of Alexander Buchan's studies, he thought the chance of one of his spells of three or four days' chilly weather was greatest about the second week in April and towards the third week in May. The April spell is often called "the blackthorn winter" because it comes just after the blackthorn has flowered. As regards May the saints' days, May 11, 12, and 13, are known over much of the Continent as the "Ice Saints". And over many of the inland and northern counties of England it is very well worth noting that the average date of the last sharp frosty night comes somewhere about May 10 to 15. The latest general snow-cover I have seen was on May 16, 1935—that was the snow-storm that stopped a golf championship, when nearly a foot of snow fell in some of the higher-lying Yorkshire and Lancashire towns.

'Perhaps the best proverb of all about the weather is that which expresses balance and common sense:

Be it dry or be it wet

The weather will always pay its debt'.

LITTLE DAUGHTERS OF THE RICH

'In an American college', explained DAVID HOLDEN in a Home Service talk, 'a sorority is the passport to prosperity, influence, and honour as surely as Eton and Oxford, or a commission in the Guards. No wonder, then, that girls want to prove themselves "good sorority material".

'There is no mystery about how to do this. If you are pretty, well-dressed, well-groomed, and well-off you should be able to name your own sorority. If you are none of these things, you may as well save your breath to cool your hot dogs: the mystic circle is not for you. But for the benefit of the 'in-betweens' there is an institution known as Rush Week, early in September at the start of the school year, when the current sisters inspect the hopeful candidates and try to find among them the right kind of girls. This inspection is known as "rushing"—hence Rush Week—and it is aptly named. In England we often hear of students who finish their college career in a state of nervous exhaustion: in America it seems more common for them to begin that way, after the physical and mental strain of Rush Week. If you can stand up to five or six parties a day, with nothing to drink but weak tea or green sherbert and little to eat but peppermint candies, if your wardrobe is like a film star's and your small talk is unlimited and your

charm is unstinted, you may, at the end of the week, be invited to join the mystic circle. But be careful—do not talk politics and do not talk poetry, and do not object when all your hostesses hang your best coat inside out on the powder-room pegs. They know it is wrong, but how can they tell how much money your Daddy's got if they cannot see where you bought it from and guess how much it cost?

'Now and then an eccentric will slip through the net and be accepted, but this is usually because her idiosyncrasies have some snob value. An English accent, for instance, is a considerable social asset in some American circles, and this doubtless accounts for the recent success of an English girl who, when welcomed at the doors of sorority houses by Rush Week chairmen with their stock phrase, "Gee! Isn't that the prettiest dress!" looked deprecatingly at her baggy tweed costume and replied truthfully, "I'm so glad you like it. You know, I cut it down from one of Daddy's old-suits!" In spite of this appalling gaffe, she

was elected by one sorority, but her subsequent behaviour proved too unorthodox for friendly relations to be maintained and after a few weeks she resigned, in some dudgeon, when she was reproached by her sisters for not kissing her boy friend goodnight in public'.



American girls' college sorority electing new members

HOW TO FIND A HUSBAND

'John Keats' account', said NORMAN TURNER in 'The Northcountryman', 'of maidens going supperless to bed on St. Agnes' Eve so that they would dream of their lovers was much too straightforward for the lasses in parts of Lancashire. On that same Eve, they walked over the parish boundary, there fastened the left garter round the right stocking, and sang this jingle:

I knit this knot, this knot I knit,
To know the things I know not yet,
That I may see
The man that shall my husband be.

Then they would go to bed hungry, though with a piece of cake beneath the pillow, and wait for their lovers to appear in their dreams and waken them with kisses. Another delightful custom was reserved for St. Mark's day [April 25]—making dumb-cakes.

Not more than three had to have had a hand in the preparation, and the slightest whisper would destroy the charm. Each maid would then eat her cake whilst walking backwards to bed, and if all the rules had been observed, she would see her future husband come rushing towards her.

'Some months had their own methods of foreseeing the future. In May, for instance, a girl had to catch a snail by its horns and toss it over her shoulder to be sure of a good husband. If she had not the courage to pick up snails in May, and I would forgive any reluctance in this respect, she had to wait until Midsummer Eve for her next chance. Then there were various ruses to adopt. One of them was to sleep with a lump of pewter under her pillow and then, at noon on Midsummer Day, melt it and throw it into a bucket of water. The shape into which it hardened would be a clue to her lover's trade.

'Much easier than this were the harvest-moon rites. The love-sick maid put under her pillow her prayer book opened at the marriage service, a key, a flower, a cake, a crust, and a ring. To dream of the key meant good luck, but to dream of the flowers foretold trouble: the cake promised prosperity; the crust, hard work; and the ring, marriage.

'October's big day for the unmarried girl was Hallowe'en. Mixed with the ghosts and the goblins and the turnip candles were the nut-burning ceremonies. The nuts were named after lads and lasses, then thrown into the fire. As the nut burned—quietly, erratically, or brightly—so would the courtship be.

'The dwindling year gave only one more chance to the lovelorn—St. Thomas' Day [December 21]. When night had fallen the maid would stumble to the stack of faggots and pull one out. If the chosen stick were smooth then love would be untroubled. But if the stick were knotted—a married life of quarrels and beatings was a certainty'.

Law in Action

Self-Defence in Administrative Law

By H. W. R. WADE

ENGLISH law has a peculiarly strict doctrine of precedent. Yet, paradoxical as it may seem, long-established rules can change quite suddenly when the courts look at old problems from new viewpoints. The rule which I want to discuss is a case in point: ten years ago it was one of the pillars of our system of administrative law. Now the pillar seems to be tottering, and no one can say what will happen next. The rule is, or was, that everyone against whom discretionary power is exerted has a right to be heard in his own defence; or, to put it slightly differently, that everyone is entitled to a fair hearing before *he* is selected as a victim to be sacrificed for the public benefit: for example, if his house is to be requisitioned.

Rule of Natural Justice

This principle of fair play is often referred to as one of the Rules of Natural Justice, not because it can claim any particular basis in philosophy or ethics but because it has always seemed to be a self-evident truth. It can be taken for granted that a fair hearing will be given as of right to anyone who is party to a proceeding before a court or tribunal deciding questions of law. If we have in our mind's eye a court, or an arbitrator, or a tribunal such as the Special Commissioners of Income Tax, we cannot conceive them operating without giving fair hearings to both sides. The debatable question is how far the same principle extends to administrative activities—for example, the granting or revocation of permits or licences, planning schemes, or orders for requisitioning land or pulling down houses. Here the picture is very different from that of a court of law: there is some government department or local authority armed by statute with executive power, and some person who is likely to suffer if that power is exercised.

The question is, what are that person's rights of self-defence? Can the powerful steam-roller of authority be halted so that he can at least try to divert it? Or must he submit without complaint or question?

In the past our judges have answered this clearly. In effect, they have held that no administrative power could be properly exercised without first taking into account the objections of anyone aggrieved. If, for example, someone built a house in contravention of local by-laws, and the local authority had power to demolish houses so built, they still could not lawfully demolish the house without first asking the owner if he had anything to say for himself. This was a wide principle, and statements of it abound in the law reports. As Lord Chancellor Loreburn put it in a case in the House of Lords in 1911, speaking of the Board of Education of those days, 'they must act in good faith and listen fairly to both sides, for that is a duty lying upon everyone who decides anything'. Mr. Justice Wills in 1890 said: 'In condemning a man to have his house pulled down, a judicial act is as much implied as in fining him £5'. In other words, the judges recognised that conflicts of interest are just as real on the executive as on the judicial side of the state's activities, and they insisted that the elements of fair play should apply to both. As to the exact manner of dealing with objections, there were plenty of arguable questions, for example whether the objector could appear personally or must be content with sending in a letter, or whether he might see departmental papers important to his case. But that objections should be dealt with somehow was a golden rule.

I will now mention four recent cases which point to a change in the law. One can see how widespread is the concern over this subject, for two are taken from England, one from Ceylon, and one from New Zealand. The first is the Stevenage New Town case, *Franklin and Others v. The Minister of Town and Country Planning*, which reached the House of Lords in 1946. Stevenage was to be the first of the New Towns, and Mr. Franklin and two other residents stood forth as local Pymys and Hampdens to challenge the plan. There was no question of denying them a hearing, for the Act contained the usual provisions for a public inquiry which was duly held.

The complaint was that they had not had a *fair* hearing since the Minister, Mr. Silkin, had been promoting the scheme for some time before the inquiry was held, and had evidently committed himself to

it in advance. In particular he had made a speech at Stevenage at which he said, when heckled, 'It is no good your jeering, it is going to be done', and he also said, 'The project will go forward because it must go forward . . . if people become fractious and unreasonable I shall have to carry out my duty'. Someone then called out 'Gestapo', at that time something of a political slogan. Could the Minister later consider the objections fairly if he were personally committed to the scheme in advance? This question was fought through three courts, who all, I regret to say, gave different answers. The High Court Judge held that a fair hearing was obligatory and had not been given. The Court of Appeal held that a fair hearing was obligatory but had been given. The House of Lords held that it was not even obligatory, so that the question whether it had been given did not arise.

Among all these conflicting opinions I want first to emphasise one point of agreement: both Mr. Justice Henn Collins in the High Court and Lord Oaksey and his colleagues in the Court of Appeal agreed on the law of the matter, that a fair hearing was required. They differed only on the question of fact, whether it had really been given in the way that parliament intended. If I may say so without impertinence, my own sympathies are with the Court of Appeal. Ministers have to make political speeches, and they must be expected to advocate their plans with vigour. They can hardly be muzzled because at some later stage they may have to consider objections. If parliament puts upon them the responsibilities of being both Ministers and Judges, they must be free to act in each capacity at the proper time.

But that question, intriguing as it is, is not the main one. We ought rather to concentrate on the point of law, where the two lower courts were unanimous but the House of Lords reversed them. The lower courts followed the long-hallowed rule that in such cases there is always the legal right to the substance of a fair hearing. The House of Lords declared that this was wrong, and that the Minister had no duty except to follow the procedure for a public inquiry as laid down in the Act. Yet the House of Lords is bound by its own decisions, and it is not difficult to point to earlier cases decided by the House, as well as many others decided by other courts, which seem to proceed on the opposite principle. The contrast lies not so much in the actual decisions as in the reasons given for them. There seems now to have been a departure from the old and wide sense in which the terms 'judicial capacity' and similar phrases were formerly used, for example in the quotation I have already given about pulling down a house being as much a judicial act as fining a man £5. If the same words are used in different senses in different cases the seeds of trouble have been sown, just as if (to change the metaphor) someone had altered the labels on a row of bottles of medicine.

Cancelling a Licence

But I must hasten from Stevenage to Ceylon. There, in 1947, a trader in textiles named Nakkuda Ali had his trading licence cancelled by the local Textile Controller, on the ground that his firm had falsified paying-in slips in the course of banking coupons. Before cancelling the licence the Controller had properly written to the firm, told them of the charge, and invited an explanation, but the explanation given was not satisfactory. The Supreme Court of Ceylon, following earlier authority in a manner closely comparable to the Court of Appeal in the Stevenage case, held that the Controller was obliged to give the trader a fair opportunity to defend himself, but that he had in fact done so. If that were all, the case would not be remarkable. But the trader appealed to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, sitting in London, before whom the case finally arrived in 1950. The Judicial Committee agreed with the Supreme Court of Ceylon on the facts, but they then went out of their way to say that an administrative act like the cancellation of a licence involves no duty to hear the person penalised at all, and that the Controller could have cancelled it without pausing to ask the trader whether he could excuse himself. Once again the judgment (in this case given by Lord Radcliffe) can be contrasted with many older decisions to the effect that no power, whether judicial

or administrative, can be validly exercised in disregard of 'natural justice'.

A somewhat similar decision was given in England last July about the revocation of a London taxi-driver's licence: *The Queen v. Metropolitan Police Commissioner ex parte Parker*. Here again the plaintiff, before his licence was revoked, was given an opportunity to clear himself before the licensing committee; and here again the court held that there was no legal duty to give him a hearing of any kind. His actual complaint was that he had not been allowed to call a witness; but since he was held to have no legal right to be heard himself he naturally lost on the subsidiary issue of his right to have his witness heard also. The case was complicated, too, by the precise wording of the London Cab Order, 1934, and in other ways, and the taxi-driver's right to the hearing which was in fact given him does not seem to have been insisted on even by his own counsel. But as far as it goes the case is quite in line with Nakkuda Ali's.

Dairy Board Order in New Zealand

At just about the time when the taxi-driver's fate was decided there arrived from New Zealand the report of a case in which the same general problem had been tackled in a determined spirit by the New Zealand Court of Appeal. This was *New Zealand Dairy Board v. Okitu Dairy Co. Ltd.* The Okitu Dairy Co. had been faced with the loss of its butter-making business as the result of an order of the Dairy Board, which allotted a certain area to another company exclusively. Various negotiations had taken place, but it was found as a fact that the Okitu Company had not been given fair warning of the impending order. Here, therefore, the question of law was crucial. If the company could establish their right to a fair hearing they must win; if they could not they must lose. In the event they won, and the Board's order was set aside: but only by a majority of three judges to two in the New Zealand Court of Appeal.

Since in different cases the English courts had gone different ways, the court in New Zealand was driven to conclude that there was no general right to a fair hearing, but that it would arise in some cases while in others it would not. Thus the presumption in its favour, which the older English decisions established, is held to have disappeared: there is now no presumption either way. Since Acts of Parliament do not normally specify general standards of fair play, even when they provide for public inquiries and the like, the court can only consider the statute and see if any clue to parliament's implied intentions can be gleaned between its lines. Thus what used to be a clear rule, presumed until the contrary was shown, has now become merely a matter of what lawyers call construction, and other people may call guesswork. For the truth is that 'natural justice' is essentially a judge-made doctrine, and to search for parliament's intentions when parliament habitually leaves these matters to the courts is unrealistic. No wonder then that learned judges now differ among themselves. Another result is likely to be that a crop of subtle distinctions will spring up which will complicate future cases. Each new set of facts will be compared with others to see which it resembles most, and small nuances in the language of an Act will be seized upon in order to distinguish one case from another.

Two Distinctions

Perhaps I may give two examples of distinctions which already show signs of appearing on the scene. One is that the cancellation of a licence, as in Nakkuda Ali's case, is not the invasion of a right but the withdrawal of a privilege, and that, if what was given is taken away, the loser cannot complain that he was given no chance to stand up for himself. But great numbers of people, from traders to taxi-drivers, may depend for their livelihood on such licences. If you were one of them, and were suddenly disqualified from earning your living by the withdrawal of your licence without any hearing, would you think that you had been treated in accordance with the spirit of British justice? Another suggested distinction is that 'natural justice' should come in only where there is a three-cornered contest, for example with an individual objector on one side, a planning authority on the other side, and some Minister or higher power who has authority to decide some issue between them. There is no real judicial enthusiasm for this, and plenty of precedent against it. Plainly, one would think, a man's right of self-defence should be the same whether he is confronted by one executive power or two. He is simply asking to be consulted before he is singled out for subjection to the power of the state, and whether

that power is applied through one organ or through a hierarchy is really irrelevant.

I now want to stand back from the picture and view it a little more broadly. In this much-governed time it is an anxious question how far the rule of law can still be made to work, and how far the public interest can be served without abandoning a reasonable standard of fair play for the individual. The judges who developed the old rule that a fair hearing ought always to be given were, as I respectfully think, on absolutely firm ground, for they merely gave a legal sanction to what was in any case a canon of good administration. The vast majority of officials are careful and considerate, and would therefore applaud, not resent, the doctrine of fair consultation. Mr. Silkin's conduct in the Stevenage case and the Textile Controller's in Nakkuda Ali's are, of course, examples of it. Yet in both cases our highest courts went out of their way to declare that this high standard of conduct was not now required. Thus there are portents of a judicial retreat from the task of enforcing the common law's concept of fair procedure.

One can readily understand that the courts may shrink instinctively from attempting to control the heterogeneous mass of departments, authorities, and tribunals which have multiplied in so haphazard a fashion in recent times. The courts feel, perhaps, that the older rules have led them on to a slippery slope, and that they must now get off it somehow. In the taxi-driver's case, for instance, it was said that if the revocation of his licence entitled him to a hearing, then would not the same apply to a policeman taking notes of statements made after a traffic accident? But this question answers itself if we regard the doctrine of natural justice as applying to any decision to exercise a legal power. That is what the revocation of a licence is, for it alters the legal rights of the licensee. Taking statements from a witness out of court does not alter the legal rights of anyone.

A Lost Cause?

One is compelled, I fear, to admit that this now looks like a lost cause. Yet one admits it with reluctance, for the control of executive power is such a live issue and our administrative law is so much in need of general principles. And the right to be heard, after all, is little enough. No one can require the Minister (or other authority) to give any particular weight to any particular objection. Nor need he give reasons for his decision; nor need he disclose the report of an official who conducts an inquiry. It has often been urged that the 'fair hearing' doctrine ought to be extended into these fields. In the United States and in France similar things have not only been urged but done. The American Federal Administrative Procedure Act of 1946 is an ambitious attempt to codify and extend the judge-made rules which America drew first from England and then developed much more broadly. In France the *Conseil d'Etat* has evolved into a most interesting body, partly legal and partly executive, through which a standard of fair administrative procedure is enforced not only as a matter of professional pride but as a matter of law. In England, an eminent committee made a report of great value in 1932; but it still sits in its pigeon-hole.

I am far from saying that I personally endorse all the various suggestions that have been made for reforming this side of our administrative law. But public concern about it ought to be growing, not dwindling. There is dissatisfaction, for example, over public inquiries, and it was with truth (and not, I think, with any cynical intentions) that the Attorney-General, in arguing the Stevenage case for the Government, described the inquiry as merely a chance for the objectors to 'blow off steam'. Much more could be said about this and other details. But the subject is long, and a talk is short, and I can draw attention only in a general way to the changes which seem to be impending. Our courts are so rich in skill, in learning, and in great traditions that they may yet create new rules to replace and improve upon the old ones. Those older rules were not imposed by any Act of Parliament: they were devised by our judges. It would be something of a historical paradox if parliament had to come to the rescue, as Congress has done in the United States. For it has been one of the glories of our legal history that so few Acts have had to be passed for upholding our standards of liberty and fair play.—*Third Programme*

In the notice about the Spring Number of *The B.B.C. Quarterly* which appeared in *THE LISTENER* last week the article on 'The Topical Programme in Television' should have been attributed to Andrew Shonfield. Christian Simpson, music producer, Television, B.B.C., has written an article on 'The Artistic Use of Television'.

I Remember...

An International Committee and Refugees

By GILBERT MURRAY, O.M.

MY last talk must be given in part to a rather odd international committee, of which I was for twelve years a member and for eight its unworthy president, and in part to a few of the victims of this age of persecution whose example could not fail to enrich one's understanding of life.

It was called the Committee of Intellectual Co-operation—or rather, '*de Co-opération Intellectuelle*'—for in French the word *intellectuelle* is a wide term, covering thought of all kinds. It owed its origin to



Professor Henri Bergson (1859-1941), first president of the Committee of Intellectual Co-operation

the philosopher Bergson, who was also our first president. He felt that in the League of Nations there was a great idea, but the actual League was too much mixed up with politics and headlines and clashes of interest. He wanted to get away from all that. He wanted a committee of thinkers, artists, writers, savants, from different countries, whose influence could gradually win their various nations to mutual understanding. They could begin by understanding one another, and proceed by calling conferences of thoughtful men of various professions, journalists, broadcasters, students, teachers, and the like, from different countries. Such a body, he thought, could express what he called the 'Soul of the League'.

Of course we did not come up to Bergson's expectations.

How could we? But, making due allowance for normal human infirmities, we did understand one another, we did feel a common purpose. Our one fascist member subdued his fascism, and indeed got into serious trouble with his government for doing so. And I think nearly all my colleagues were in some way or other remarkable men. A few came really up to Bergson's standard. For instance, at two or three of our Geneva conferences, I regularly breakfasted with the great Mme Curie, the discoverer of radium, and Einstein, the prophet of relativity. Mme Curie was certainly a great woman, entirely unpretentious and simple. Her luggage for three weeks or so at Geneva was one bag, which she easily carried in her hand. There was no trace of make-up on her beautiful and rather wasted face, though she recognised with a smile that most young women felt not quite dressed without it. Her socialism she once explained in a simple sentence. It was not quite egalitarian. 'Why should I have more food to eat or more clothes to wear than that housemaid there? But my Radium Institute—she does not want one and could not use it'. She was not, I think, generally interested in politics, though, being a Pole, she had the true Polish distrust of Russia. Her great anxiety was the lack of opportunities for students of pure science, and indeed intellectual workers in general. She had at that time just had the famous invitation from the women of America to come and receive the gift of one whole grain of radium which they had collected for her. On the committee we all treated her with special deference. We recognised that women of genius are not born for committee work, and we listened respectfully to whatever she had to say, whether it was strictly relevant to the agenda or not. It was always Mme Curie.

The municipal authorities of Geneva evidently felt the same. She was a fine swimmer, and when we went bathing she sometimes went outside the fence to a part of the lake which was forbidden and marked 'Dangerous'. Indignant officials rushed to stop the intruder, but when they heard who it was—well, of course, that was different. Mme Curie

must not be interfered with. They contented themselves with having everything ready to rescue her in case of need.

Einstein has the same kind of greatness: a simplicity and absence of egotism which comes, I think, more easily to a great scientist than to a great artist or writer. In the case of a writer or artist, his work, his style, his choice of subjects, are all part of his personality, and he cannot quite leave himself behind. A man of science can. But what struck me most about Einstein, apart from his mathematics and his music, which were both beyond my range, was his gaiety and his instinctive kindness.

At first, I suppose, he had thought of the League of Nations as a mere agency of the Allies, but he was quick to recognise our disinterested good will. I never saw him angry or in the least degree disturbed, but I did once see him absolutely lost in thought. It was rather awe-inspiring. He was sitting by the lake. I came up with the intention of speaking to him, but after one look my only thought was not to interrupt, and I stole silently away. Bergson once said of him that he had made discoveries at a greater distance from the ordinary organs of human knowledge than any man in history.

Einstein, Mme Curie; one other in our group I should like to quote as illustrating well that 'soul' which Bergson wished to create for the League of Nations. This was Dr. Nitobe, our Japanese secretary: a romantic figure. He was by birth a Samurai, a member of that old military nobility of Japan, elevated above common men by the special privilege of wearing two swords and by a high, old-fashioned code of chivalry. The code was called *Bushido*, and Nitobe had written a book upon it, an inspiring little book. And then this soldierly aristocrat, laying aside his two swords, married an American Quaker lady, and himself joined the Society of Friends. He had to combine the two codes, Quaker pacifism and the chivalry of *Bushido*. How he did it, I do not know, but one certainly felt in Nitobe something different from the ordinary. One time there had been a terrible earthquake in Japan, with great loss of life. Nitobe had, I think, lost some relations. The Assembly expressed its sympathy, and Nitobe thanked them for their kind words with a

smile on his face. Later in the day I came upon him alone and in tears. It was not *Bushido*, I suppose, to show any emotional weakness in public.

The League of Nations had many martyrs, but Nitobe's martyrdom was among the hardest. He passionately loved his country, but lived to see her held up to execration as the enemy of all the causes to which he had pledged his faith. He would never join in the denunciations, but he went back to Japan and tried to speak for the cause of good will until—very soon—he died.

When the war came, the Committee of Intellectual Co-operation dispersed to different countries, but the



Madame Curie (1867-1934): a photograph taken in 1923



Dr. Inazo Nitobe (1863-1933)

FROM THE GUINNESS
VARIETY PROGRAMME

Freddy

WHO SECURED A
REMUNERATIVE POSITION



When Cousin Freddy was Sent Down
He went to seek a job in Town
From Something in the City, who
Was Uncle to a chap he knew.
"At Oxford," said this Great Mogul
"What Flowers of Learning did you cull?"
And Freddy answered, bowing low,
"Dread Sir, they taught me how to row—
Lit. Hum., a shred—some Latin tags,—
A taste in clothing—and for Rags.
But best of all, I found a brew,
Delectable, yet Good for You,
Called Guinness, quite ambrosial stuff—"
The worthy Magnate cried, "Enough!
My boy, it's certain you'll go far.
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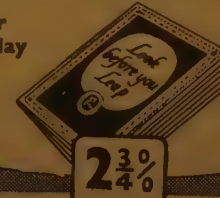
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though it left me with no wish to hear it again. Any service done to an undoubtedly gifted composer, I wonder, by playing such early, jejune efforts?

If Malcolm Arnold can be termed an insouciant composer, with a lightly casual attitude towards his audience, Graham Whettam, whose First Symphony was introduced by Ian Whyte, works too hard upon his listeners, bludgeoning them into attention by his vehemence. The symphony has plenty of punch but insufficient organic growth: this was notably lacking

in the first and last movements which generate a good deal of noise and energy without really progressing. But the work deserves, none the less, some commendation as a serious attempt at a large-scale, 'strong' symphony.

Lastly there was Beecham's Royal Philharmonic concert. Even Sir Thomas could not persuade me that Schubert's 'Tragic' Symphony has not its occasional tedious routines, in the first movement for example. It is rather in the slow movement and the Minuet that the originality of the nineteen-year-old Schubert is

displayed, while the finale on this occasion bubbled along with such spirit and so untragically that it proved irresistible. As to Mozart's Symphony No. 39, not everyone will have approved of Sir Thomas' rubato treatment of the first subject of the slow movement; and possibly the finale has been known to go with more *brio*. The reading of the opening movement, however, was remarkable—taut, fiery, in a way impatient, keeping orchestra and audience unceasingly on its toes.

ALAN FRANK

Mátyás Seiber and his Twelve Notes

By HANS KELLER

Seiber's cantata 'Ulysses' will be broadcast at 9.20 p.m. on Monday, April 19, and his Concertino for clarinet and strings at 7.30 p.m. on Tuesday, April 20 (both Third)

At a recent meeting of the newly instituted Composers' Concourse, a well-known composer suggested that the Magyar, 'tribal' element in Bartók's music made it foreign to the English composer's mind—something to be admired from an inevitable distance. At this, Mátyás Seiber jumped up and said that the Hungarian aspect of Bartók's essentially central European art was merely one of subtly assimilated colour. If you want to talk of 'tribal' music, he said, you had better turn to Kodály, whose music was so folkish that it sounded exactly like Vaughan Williams'. There is a kind of international nationalism (pentatonicism and so forth), Seiber concluded and sat down, reminding one or the other listener, maybe, of Schönberg's slightly more derisive observation, '... astonishingly, each considers it his national style, though different nationalities write the same. It is the true internationalism of music in our time'. But then, Schönberg's (as distinct from Kodály's) is an international internationalism, and while the pentatonic scale has no semitones, this has all.

Seiber's own development, which seems to have arrived at an exciting juncture, proceeds from Kodály's international nationalism over Bartók's national internationalism to Schönberg's way of composing with twelve notes which have the same rights and duties towards each other. Born at Budapest in 1905, he studied composition under Kodály, whose obvious influence on the very Hungarian and pentatonic first String Quartet (1924) does not conceal its natural and full-blooded talent; the final rondo movement shows a certain aggressiveness that was to become a characteristic feature of Seiber's harmonic as well as rhythmic style. In the equally fluent Wind Sextet of 1925 ('Op. 2': Seiber's only opus number), Kodály's influence is on the decrease, and the future master-contrapuntist can already be heard.

In 1925 Seiber went to Frankfurt, settling there permanently in 1928, after having seen the world as a ship's musician ('cellist'). The Sonata da Camera for violin and cello (1925) shows his widening musical horizon: it breaks away from Kodály and the five notes, and Hungarian snaps and snippets are assimilated into a more cosmopolitan style whose austere two-part writing with prominent tritones points far into Seiber's future, as indeed does a figure which we encounter again more than two decades later—as central motive in his 'Ulysses' cantata.

Meanwhile, on this first journey back to Budapest and his parents, he wrote a Divertimento for clarinet and string quartet (1926) which, a few years ago, he arranged as a Con-

certino for clarinet and strings; it is his only neo-classical (Hindemithian) piece, built upon a simple, sectional ground-plan. In the Frankfurt years of 1928-33, he became involved in jazz and wrote all sorts of lightish music; one of his settings of nonsense poems by Christian Morgenstern represents his first attempt at serial technique in that it is based on a seven-note row, and one of his two abstract 'Jazzlets' is his first twelve-note piece: a significant beginning, perhaps, for to the present day Seiber has retained a somewhat ambivalent attitude towards the twelve notes.

The Nazi Government brought his Frankfurt career (which had included his membership of the Lenzewski Quartet as well as his jazz class at the Frankfurt Conservatoire) to a close, and in the intermediate years (1934-35) before his eventual emigration to England he wrote his second String Quartet—his farewell to Frankfurt in the form of what has remained his most uncompromising twelve-note piece which, nevertheless, permits itself to reorganise its twelve notes in the course of musical events.

The difficult first years in England were devoted to orchestrations and arrangements. In 1940, Seiber embarked upon a study of lute tablatures and transcribed about 400 pieces; the results of these activities are the two orchestral 'Besardo Suites'. The sombre Phantasy for cello and piano (1941), his only recorded work, combines Bartókian (including Hungarian) and atonal (near-dodecaphonic) elements and foreshadows both his greater Fantasy, that for violin (1943-44), and indeed much of his later style.

The Violin Concerto ('Fantasia Concertante') itself is an original master-structure in three continuous movements, and with complex interrelations between them: whatever the title refers to, it is not the degree of formal definition and integration. The treatment of the twelve notes, to be sure, is fanciful, and there are even places where the violin, as opposed to the accompaniment, flatly renounces the note-row (B flat - B - E - F - D flat - E flat - A - D - A flat - G - C - F sharp: easily to be heard at the very outset). The consistently high level of inspiration and the string-player's sensitive writing for the solo instrument combine to make the work one of the few important violin concertos of our time.

Based on a Brahmsian horn theme in open ('natural') notes, and 'dedicated to the memory of Brahms', the entirely tonal, F major, 'Notturno' (a favourite mood of Seiber's) for horn and string orchestra (1945) appeared by way of relaxation after the Concerto. Then, in 1946-47, came the large-scale 'Ulysses' cantata for tenor, chorus and orchestra, with words from James

Joyce's novel, an immediately impressive work which put Seiber on the more popular maps and at the same time secured him the admiration of musicians who had previously found him too 'constructivist'. Based on a conservative tonal scheme (tonic—subdominant—tonic—dominant—tonic), the five movements are highly adventurous in style and form, with the basic motive E - A flat - G determining the entire architecture. The first movement ('The Heaven-tree') is a *Stimmungsbild*, a nocturnal mood-picture proceeding from night to day, with a remarkable choral vocalise in close imitation over a fugal development in the brass. Next comes a chaconne ('Meditations of Evolution increasingly vaster') on a new version of an old ground-bass, with a fugal and canonic climax. The third movement ('Obverse meditations of Involution') is a scherzo with a fugal principal section, in which the basic motive is extended into a twelve-note row of alternating minor thirds and minor seconds, i.e., E - G - G sharp - B - C - E flat / F - D - D flat - B flat - A - F sharp: the second half is a transposed inversion of the first, and each half is its own transposed retrograde inversion. The treatment of the row is again unorthodox; the chief and constant thematic points are the minor thirds with minor seconds in between—which we also find in Schönberg's 'Ode to Napoleon'. The fourth movement, 'Nocturne-Intermezzo' (footnote: 'Hommage à Schönberg') is based on four three-note chords which expose a twelve-note row, the first two being the opening chords of Schönberg's Piano Piece, Op. 19, No. 6; the tenor, however, manifests a similar urge for independence, as does the violin in the Concerto. The 'Epilogue' reverts to, and partly recapitulates, the first movement.

The third String Quartet ('Quartetto lirico') and the 'Cantata secularis' for large chorus and large orchestra belong to the period of 1948-51; the Quartet is Seiber's third masterpiece which synthesises the influences of Bartók, Schönberg (serial technique), and Berg with the help of a 'tonical' D flat major, while the Cantata is a straightforward tonal proposition; it has not yet been performed in England. The latest major work is the Elegy for viola and orchestra (1953): fairly tonal, chromatic, and partly dodecaphonic.

Seiber has at times alluded to his 'free' twelve-note technique, but one does not escape freedom: his invariable departures from the technique, even within his twelve-note works, suggest that it is not yet free enough. The evermore inspired intensity of his serial styles on the one hand, however, and what seems to be a momentary creative pause on the other, would seem to indicate that he is about to make the twelve notes wholly his.

A Formidable Task of the Atomic Age

PATRICK GROVE on using fission products

MY subject is ashes . . . not the familiar ashes from our coal fires, but atomic ashes. There is a great difference between these two waste materials. Ordinary ashes are harmful enough when cool, and they are not particularly useful unless possibly for improving the garden path. But the ashes that remain after uranium has been 'burnt' in a nuclear reactor are different: in the radioactive sense they are 'hot', and remain so for many years; they are exceptionally hazardous materials which must

previous experience, and would have been almost incredible only a few years ago. We may judge the extent of this change by comparing fission products with our resources of the natural radioactive element, radium. This element was mined intensively for fifty years and the total amount produced was probably not more than about ten pounds; indeed the whole stock of radium used for medical purposes in the United Kingdom is only about five ounces, and this is sufficient to treat several thousand patients each year. And now, when we burn a single pound of uranium in a nuclear reactor, the fission products so produced have a long-lived radioactivity equivalent to about half a ton of radium.

Fission products are an unavoidable and embarrassing result of operating any nuclear reactor, whether its purpose is the production of power for industry or plutonium for bombs. They are also produced by the explosion of an atomic bomb; in this case, under favourable conditions, they are carried into the upper atmosphere and are dispersed harmlessly. In reactors they accumulate in the uranium fuel, tending to stop the reaction, and so they must be removed from time to time. The fuel elements have to be taken out of the pile, and freed from fission products by chemical processing. These processes are cumbersome and costly, mainly on account of the radioactivity; and so one of the present ambitions of the nuclear engineer is to devise alternative methods of refurbishing nuclear fuels. There is no way of denaturing these fission products; their radioactivity decays slowly but cannot be destroyed. So we have no alternative but to store them indefinitely. All we can do is to reduce them to the smallest possible volume and store them in massive concrete tanks whose walls are several feet thick. Already the activity accumulated in this way is large, and if we come to use atomic energy as a major source of power it will become staggering. It has been calculated that if all the electric power used in Britain were to be generated from atomic



The new laboratories for processing radioactive isotopes, at the Radiochemical Centre, Amersham

be handled with great care; but they may also be useful.

This contrast in the ashes is the result of an essential difference between the two types of burning. The combustion of coal is a chemical reaction which gives us heat, and most of the products of combustion go up the chimney as gases and smoke. The 'burning' of uranium is a nuclear reaction in which atoms of uranium are split into two approximately equal parts, releasing energy and neutrons in the process. The atoms are said to undergo 'fission', and so the broken atomic fragments that remain are called 'fission products'.

There are several unusual features about these ashes. The uranium atoms do not split into exact halves; some of the atomic fragments are slightly larger than others; and so we find that the ashes contain in all some thirty-five different elements; and counting all possible variants of these, more than 200 isotopes have been identified in fission products. Although uranium atoms break up into this great assortment of fragments, very little matter is actually lost in the process. We therefore have the odd paradox that the ashes weigh very nearly as much as the fuel. However, the small amount of mass that does disappear gives us a great deal of energy.

Undoubtedly the most remarkable feature of the fission products is their intense radioactivity. Radioactivity is not a new phenomenon; it occurs naturally and was first observed over fifty years ago. But the magnitude of the activity associated with fission products is far beyond our



Interior of one of the laboratories where the radioactive isotopes are separated from fission products: two cells containing the chemical equipment which is screened by two feet of concrete and operated entirely by remote control

energy, the fission products produced every year would be equivalent to about 20,000 tons of radium: and we could not dispose of them. I have heard a harassed colleague say that if we ever have a rocket to the moon, its first cargo should be fission products!

However, fission products are not entirely a liability and already they are being used on a small scale. Before they can be applied we have to separate individual elements from the fission product mixture. This is a chemical operation. As raw material we at the Radiochemical Centre at Amersham receive from one of the atomic energy factories in the north some of the concentrated solution of fission products that remains after they have removed the uranium and plutonium from it. These solutions have to be moved very carefully and the radiation from them must be suitably screened. To carry about twenty gallons of solution we have to use a cast-steel container eight inches thick and weighing about eight tons. This is carried on a heavy lorry under escort and the supervision of health physicists. In principle, the processes used for purifying individual fission products are usually simple, but in practice the work is complicated by the necessity of doing everything behind barriers of several feet of concrete.

When we have them, how are these materials useful? Essentially it is because they emit penetrating radiation of the same kind as from a high-voltage X-ray generator, and also energetic electrons which we otherwise obtain from heated filaments, as in radio or television. The advantage of radioactive sources is that they produce radiation spontaneously without any external aid, and are consequently compact, portable, and relatively inexpensive. This applies to radioactive materials generally, from whatever source they are obtained. But some fission products have particular merits. For example, Caesium-137 is coming into use for industrial radiography: that is the examination of metal castings and welds by shadow photographs. A small capsule about the size of a pea can provide enough radiation for this purpose: it is cheap and convenient in use, and can be used in places where X-ray equipment could not. It is also possible that large sources of caesium may be used for the treatment of malignant disease by radiation therapy. They would supplement or replace the high voltage X-ray machines in common use today. Another radioactive isotope, Cobalt-60, is already being used in this way, but caesium is potentially more plentiful; however, its technical merits and its cost of production in large quantities are still uncertain.

Another fission product, Strontium-90, is a source of high-energy electrons. By measuring the proportion of these rays that pass through a sheet of material we can judge the thickness of the sheet: that is the principle of the so-called radioactive thickness gauge. Such instruments have the advantage over other types of gauge that they measure thickness without touching the material, and so it is possible to check the thickness of paper, cardboard, linoleum, and thin metal foils, continuously as they are being produced. An interesting and most successful recent application has been to control the quantity of tobacco in cigarettes as they are made on the machine. Several such gauges are now produced commercially in Britain, and the availability of Strontium-90 will certainly increase their usefulness.

I have mentioned only two fission products: we are separating several others at Amersham experimentally and much ingenuity is being directed by our colleagues at Harwell and in industry to finding uses for them. Elimination of static electricity, self-luminous plastics, and miniature electric batteries, are among the possibilities for future development. No doubt some of these devices will be developed successfully and they will become commonplace; but the amount of radioactive material required by them is unlikely to be more than a drop in the ocean as compared with the vast stores of fission products that are accumulating. And so we have a strong incentive to discover a use

that would require really substantial amounts of activity, comparable with our new resources. It is well known that radiations from radioactive substances can produce physical and chemical changes in materials which are exposed to them, and it is in these directions that we seem most likely to find large-scale uses for fission products.

Let us consider what happens when radiation is absorbed in matter. The overall effect is that energy is released and most of it appears as heat: in fact, the target becomes a little warmer. But if we look more closely, we find that the energy is not evenly spread throughout the material, as it would be by heating in the ordinary way, but in hot spots. These flashes are so small and intense that the energy from the radiation may be concentrated upon single atoms or molecules, or small groups of them. And so a severe local disturbance is caused; atoms may be displaced from their normal position, molecules are broken up, and chemical reactions initiated.

These strictly local effects occur without any significant rise in temperature of the irradiated material as a whole, and so with radiation we can produce chemical changes at ordinary room temperature which are otherwise possible only at very high temperatures and pressures. Generally speaking, these radiation processes are inefficient compared with ordinary methods, and even large amounts of fission products could not induce chemical processes on an industrial scale. But there is a particular class of reaction in which radiation is efficient: this is called polymerisation, and is the usual way of making plastics. In theory at least it would be possible to produce hundreds, or even thousands, of tons of plastics each year with the aid of large sources of fission products. Whether they would be better materials or less expensive than our present ones is still a matter for conjecture and experiment. Of course, if we can use radiation to make a unique product, then costs and yields are less important.

Another suggestion has been to use the radiation from fission products for preserving food. Our present methods are not entirely satisfactory; cooking, or the addition of chemical preservatives, tends to destroy the flavour and freshness of foods. With very large amounts of radiation we might hope to sterilise such foods as meat or milk without heating them. But unfortunately bacteria are much more resistant to radiation than higher organisms; it requires at least a thousand times as much radiation to kill them as to kill us. This is partly because they offer such a small target to the radiation: it is rather like trying to kill flies on a barn door at twenty yards, using a shot gun. Some alteration in the food is bound to occur, and before radiation sterilisation can be used we have to make certain that its effects on the food would be neither unpleasant nor injurious.

These last two possibilities, the production of chemical products and the sterilisation of food by radiation from fission products, are matters of speculation and intense research at the present time. We have to learn how to produce these tremendous sources of radiation and how to apply them usefully and safely; and, finally, we have to decide whether they are economically worth while. These are formidable technical problems, and it is not likely that we shall get results quickly. But we shall certainly see some large-scale experiments within a few years, and one day we may hope to use our fission products to some purpose, even if we cannot dispose of them.—*Home Service*



Waste solution of fission products from one of Britain's atomic factories being transferred from its container to the extraction plant at Amersham

In *A History of the Sciences* (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 28s.), Dr. S. F. Mason traces clearly and accurately the main currents of scientific thought in astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, physiology, and geology from the days of antiquity to the present time. It can be whole-heartedly recommended not only to students of science and of history, but to any general reader who wants a comprehensive account of the way science has come to play its important part in human history.

NEWS DIARY

April 7-13

Wednesday, April 7

Debate on the Budget opens in the Commons

President Eisenhower discusses situation in Indo-China at press conference

Transport Commission makes new wage proposals to three railway unions

Thursday, April 8

The Prime Minister answers further questions in Commons about agreement made with President Roosevelt in 1943 on Anglo-American collaboration in atomic development

Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen cancel decision to strike on April 24

Labour Party hold seat in by-election at East Edinburgh with increased majority

Friday, April 9

Following the loss of a Comet aircraft after leaving Rome the Chairman of British Overseas Airways Corporation orders the suspension of all Comet services throughout the world

French Prime Minister makes statement in National Assembly about his country's attitude on the war in Indo-China and the forthcoming conference at Geneva

The 300th anniversary of the first treaty between Britain and Sweden is celebrated in London

Saturday, April 10

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrive in Ceylon for an eleven-day visit

French troops make a successful counter-attack at Dien Bien Phu

Representatives of eight oil companies leave for Teheran to begin negotiations about marketing Persian oil

Sunday, April 11

Mr. Dulles, U.S. Secretary of State, arrives in London for talks about communist aggression in the Far East

The Kenya Government abandons its plan for surrender of Mau Mau terrorists

Polling takes place in Belgian election

Monday, April 12

Dr. Malan, Prime Minister of South Africa, moves in House of Assembly that negotiations for transfer of three Protectorates to Union be resumed

Heavy fighting takes place at Dien Bien Phu

Prince Nicholas of Yugoslavia killed in road accident

Tuesday, April 13

Mr. Dulles concludes conversations with Mr. Eden at Foreign Office and leaves London for Paris. Mr. Eden reads statement to Commons about future policy towards south-east Asia.

Prime Minister says Government cannot agree at present to transfer of Protectorates to South Africa

Agreement signed in Paris about relations between Britain and E.D.C.



Mr. John Foster Dulles, U.S. Secretary of State, being greeted by Mr. Anthony Eden at London Airport on April 11. Mr. Dulles was visiting London to discuss American proposals for a united front to resist communist aggression in south-east Asia. He flew to Paris two days later for discussions with M. Bidault



The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh photographed on their arrival in Colombo, Ceylon, on April 10. Her Majesty is accompanied by Mr. Tiyyagalingan Rudra, the Mayor of Colombo, and His Royal Highness by Mrs. Rudra



A general view of the opening ceremony of the new headquarters of Nato's South-East Europe Land Forces at Izmir, Turkey, on April 7. Turkish, Greek, and American officials attended

Right: Britain's latest tank, the 'Conqueror', which was demonstrated last week. It is more heavily armoured than the 'Centurion' tank and has a more powerful gun. It is soon to be sent to the British Army in Germany for troop trials



An American Air Force helicopter (from a base in the area of the Persian Gulf) dropping supplies to victims of the recent floods—the worst for centuries—in Iraq. The devastation, caused by the River Tigris breaking its banks, has left thousands of people homeless round Baghdad



A view from Monte Cassino of the rebuilt town of Cassino, Italy, which, with the monastery, was razed by bombing ten years ago. In the foreground are some of the ruins of the old town



Wild daffodils growing on the fells above Windermere, with the snow-capped Langdale range in the background

Left: Minnie, a brown bear at the London Zoo, photographed last week with her two cubs which were born in January

Christian Duties in the New Community*

By E. BENSON PERKINS

THOSE of us who have lived through the years of this century, or most of them, know something of the unparalleled changes which have been worked out in the life of the community. Yet I doubt if we realise how great those changes are unless we stop and bring into sharp contrast then and now. Thinking back thirty years or so—a single generation—the problems pressing upon us then were extreme poverty, low wages, permanent unemployment, bad housing. Now, mainly through the intervention of the state, the situation has been completely altered and we are living in what is virtually a new community. I am asking you to think with me of some of the new and challenging tasks confronting the Christian Church in this new age, not the Free Churches only but every section of the Church of Christ in this land. These are tasks conditioned and determined by this new situation.

Rehousing as Problem for the Churches

One of the most evident changes is in respect of the rehousing of the population. Up to 1939, roughly one third of the total population of England and Wales had been re-housed in a matter of twenty years, a policy involving the building of over 4,500,000 houses. Since the end of the second world war a further 1,500,000 houses have been built, thus making provision in little more than a single generation for the re-housing of half the total population of the country. The immediate future will see the growth not only of these new housing areas but also of twelve entirely new towns which are being built up and established under their separate development corporations appointed by the government. An overwhelming proportion of this re-housed population of approximately 25,000,000 has come from the old, crowded areas of cities and towns. Thus the churches are presented with a colossal problem: the redundant churches in the areas of greatly reduced population and the vast needs of these new areas and new towns.

The urgency of re-housing between the two world wars resulted in many of these areas being occupied, not by a normal community, but by a segregation of one section. This constitutes an extremely difficult social and religious problem. To a very large extent these new areas and townships still lack proper and normal amenities for social life. In many instances, apart from the limited accommodation possibly of one of the churches, there may be only the public house with its vested interest. Where the physical need is to some extent provided in community centres there is so often a lack of genuine leadership. The churches are of necessity faced with the task of undertaking the heavy responsibility of buildings for social as well as religious purposes and in addition the importing of leaders into these areas if a living Christian fellowship is to be created and we are to remain a Christian land.

Beyond this question of housing a large part of social and economic life is under the direction of the state. The trend in other countries as well as our own is towards national planning and collective action. Thus in our own country the policy of the welfare state has wrought great, and we must admit on the whole beneficial, change. Primary poverty has been largely banished, full employment has been secured to a considerable extent, universal provision for the treatment of sickness in hospital or home has been established, unemployment insurance and retirement pensions provided, together with the collective direction of basic industries and services. In no other country has such provision for general welfare by the state advanced so far in association with democratic government.

But there are real dangers. We may so easily drift into a purely secular and merely political democracy. It may even be more generally assumed than it is at present that social and economic security is all that is necessary. The question confronting the churches is how to secure that the full life of man shall be safeguarded and his full personal freedom maintained. 'Man doth not live by bread alone'. The only possible answer is that in some way the very centres of government and community action must be brought under Christian influence. It is not for the Church itself to be a political party or to be allied with a political party, but the Church must be political in the true sense of

that word, in its interest and action. In the governing authorities from the parish council to the House of Commons, as well as in their daily occupations, Christian men and women in the Church need to recognise a call for their personal service—serving the people in the name of God and through political action endeavouring to maintain the possibility for all men of the life of the spirit as well as of the mind and body. The Christian Churches are not in themselves equipped to work out the full technical details of economic and political progress, apart, that is, from individuals within the Churches, but they are concerned that these vital issues shall be so thought out in a Christian spirit that the end secured may serve the Christian aim which is the highest good of all.

The development of the welfare state has brought into new prominence the power of the trade unions. Unfortunately it appears to be easily possible for small groups to exercise an altogether disproportionate influence through the seeming apathy of many of the members. Thus, the fear of communist domination at certain vital points is not unreal. The true political answer to communism is a welfare state in a free society, and trade unions have their part to play in securing this ideal. The Christian workers should take their full place in the committees and councils of the trade unions as an essential part of their Christian duty. A parallel obligation is to be found on the boards or in the management of nationalised or federated industries.

Some words of Lord Beveridge in his book *Voluntary Action* raise another and even deeper issue. He says that we need 'something other than the pursuit of gain as a dominant force in society . . . the business motive is a good servant, but a bad master, and a society which gives itself to the dominance of the business motive is a bad society'. I believe this to be true and that we have reached a stage of development which requires that we banish the pursuit of gain as a dominant and decisive force in the community, whether in the form of profits or wages. I am fully aware that these material considerations are necessary, but with our vast improvement in the conditions of life they should cease to be the first and predominant aim. It was with this kind of reference that our Lord said, 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you'. That is the Christian word to a community like this. Of course, it means for the people a change of heart, but then that is exactly what Mr. Herbert Morrison was saying at a great gathering a year or two ago. He declared, in fact, that we need changes in men and women as well as in social and economic affairs. Those who are concerned, as we should all be, with some of the difficult social problems such as the increase in certain types of crime and the debasement in the use of the greatly increased leisure, realise that the ultimate solution is this inward change in moral standards. It is the Christian Gospel which declares the possibility of such a radical change and the widespread declaration of this vital message is an urgent task of the Christian Church.

Instrument of the Creative Power of God

In a word, it is our supreme duty as Churches to carry the Cross of Christ and His redeeming love into the very centre of every part of our national life. As Churches we must shake ourselves free from what is often the crippling heritage of sentimental attachment to outworn traditions of both life and work. We are facing a new situation and it is essential that the fullness of our resources and power may be at the disposal of God in these new and searching duties. An introverted Church, unconscious of this new community life, and an isolated Church, content with its own narrow interests, are alike unfitted to be what the Church is called to be, the instrument of the creative and redeeming power of God.—*Home Service*

The series of Third Programme talks given, under the title of 'The Values of Primitive Society', by E. E. Evans-Pritchard, Raymond Firth, E. R. Leach, J. G. Peristiany, John Layard, Max Gluckman, Meyer Fortes, and Godfrey Lienhardt, is now available in book form: *The Institutions of Primitive Society* (Blackwell, 7s. 6d.).

* A shortened version of an address given to the National Free Church Federal Council

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Unusual Sermons

Sir,—A letter in THE LISTENER of April 8 might lead readers to suppose that Christian Science was based on or included the teachings of eastern philosophy. It is in fact based solely upon the teachings of the Bible.

To understand the attitude of Christian Science to war, regard must be had to a statement by the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, Mary Baker Eddy, found in *The First Church of Christ Scientist and Miscellany*. Here, after writing:

I will say I can see no other way of settling difficulties between individuals and nations than by means of their wholesome tribunals, equitable laws, and sound, well-kept treaties (p. 277: 6-9)

she says also:

But if our nation's right or honor were seized, every citizen would be a soldier and woman would be armed with power girt for the hour (p. 277: 21-23)

Few would desire to advocate war as a policy, but there is a distinction between abhorrence of war and the importance of defending the hard-won rights of individual liberty against those who do believe in and employ war as a policy.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.2

COLIN R. EDDISON
Christian Science Committee
on Publication

of all the various processes, etc., can possibly estimate whether a given photograph proves anything or not.

Dr. Wolf asks what is the task of mathematical physicists. This is, surely, to apply mathematics in deducing the consequences of physical theories, and not to look 'first to mathematics for the provision of a conceptual model. Such a procedure is to repeat the errors of the logicians of the Middle Ages' (to quote Whitehead again). This criticism that I did make of Einstein's method (and in this he was only following other mathematical physicists) is, in my opinion, a fundamental one: it is a retrograde step in method which would have been greeted by Newton with amazement, and by Rutherford with a guffaw. Consequently, in my book on scientific method and its philosophy, I did not give Einstein more than passing mention.

Here again, Dr. Bronowski is misleading in saying that Einstein only gets less than half a sentence in 180 pages. These pages comprise chapters on Animals, Words, Aristotle, etc., in which mention of Einstein would not be relevant.

Your readers will readily detect the attempt to put Einstein above criticism: Sir Edmund Whittaker is 'unjust'; I show 'bias'; and the old, fast decomposing, nazi red herring is trailed precariously along. This is not the spirit of science.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3 G. BURNISTON BROWN

The Greatness of Albert Einstein

Sir,—Dr. Bronowski, having no defence against my criticisms of being misleading, inaccurate, and out of date, can only pretend that I was belittling Einstein. As Einstein has not, as far as I know, made the extravagant claims about himself that Dr. Bronowski makes for him, this manoeuvre clearly fails. His attempt to appear up to date by quoting the opinion of the author of a recent book is marred by his describing it as 'authoritative'. If Dr. Bronowski's acquaintance with science were greater, he would know that scientific method is not based on authority but on facts, and the fact is that experiments so far performed do not agree in confirming Einstein's value for the deflection of light by the sun.

Dr. Bronowski feels compelled to 'underline' that everything I said was 'second-hand'. Apart from the fact that even if this were so it would not necessarily invalidate the statements made, it is, again, inaccurate. I have read many of the original papers, and lectured on some: in 1941 I gave a proof of $E = Mc^2$ from the theory of dimensions. (*Proceedings of the Physical Society*, 53, page 418, 1941.)

Dr. Wolf suggests rightly that mathematical physicists (not theoretical physicists—all physicists make theories as well as experiments) cannot themselves perform the experiments with complicated instruments, on the results of which their theories are based. But this lack of contact with experiment prevents any sound judgment of the value of the results obtained with such instruments, and may lead to vast mathematical and epistemological structures being raised on insecure ground. As I said, some practising astronomers doubt whether the deflection of light by the sun can be reliably measured at present. Another example is ordinary photography, where only those with long experience

The Indian Way of Thought

Sir,—I was unable to reply earlier to Mr. Harold Dutton's letter (THE LISTENER, April 1) about my talk on the above subject because I was engaged in bringing a small sailing boat up the Thames through London. But I had ample opportunity during this little voyage to assess the value of the dynamism, progressiveness, and helpfulness of the western way of life which he extols.

I travelled for fifty miles up a great river which had been poisoned to the extent that no living thing can exist in its waters. The air I breathed was polluted almost beyond human endurance. The banks of the river—and the country for miles beyond the banks—were covered with factories, warehouses, tenements, and slums of almost unbelievable squalor and ugliness, and this unhealthy wasteland was inhabited by people who for generations have hardly had a glimpse of a green field or a cow. And it was no comfort to me to realise that, in all probability, this mess will be cleared up in the not too distant future by an atomic bomb.

Now I believe that what I saw is the culmination of the dynamic industrialism which Mr. Dutton apparently likes. It is the result of a confusion of ends and means. The end of us all is human happiness—whatever we may mean by that. The means to this end offered by the industrialists is the production of larger and larger quantities of 'goods'. The part of London through which I sailed (and, remember, the majority of people in the industrial west live in just such surroundings) is no doubt perfectly designed to produce and transport these 'goods'. But I do not believe that a man can live as men are intended to live in such surroundings even if he has all the 'goods' in the world. Therefore

these particular means do not help to achieve the end desired. In fact they defeat it.

As for the art, music, and literature which Mr. Dutton mentions, he is wrong if he thinks that the west has a monopoly of these things. The science, of course, I must grant him. And he might consider that the best of the art, music, and literature which are our glory was produced before the culmination of the industrial age. It is a long time since the arts have been at a lower ebb in the western world than they are now. As for the strenuous team games that he mentions—how many adult people does Mr. Dutton know who actually engage in these, and do not confine their interest to watching other people performing them for hire?

For travel—there was plenty of it before the trains, buses, and aeroplanes began to ply. It took longer, but was probably more worth while. I was able far better to appreciate the amenities of Barking Reach by drifting along it in a sailing boat than I would have done by tearing along it in a water-bus. As for the radio bringing great artists and musicians and the rest to the cottager's hearth—it does not. It brings an enormous amount of 'light entertainment' and music of a dreariness and treaciness almost beyond belief. No doubt this is not the radio's fault. It does offer good work, and plenty of it, but let Mr. Dutton repair to the nearest cottager's to find what the cottager is actually listening to.

As for the statement that India requires the impact of western ideas to rid herself of caste, protein deficiency, and an excessive birth-rate—I have no doubt that this impact is already to a great extent helping her to do these things. India can benefit enormously from western ideas: the right ones, that is. She has already suffered terribly from the wrong ones. And the west could benefit, perhaps even more, from the right Indian ideas.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.6

JOHN SEYMOUR

West Germany and France

Sir,—It would be unjust to disagree with Douglas Stuart's lively and intelligent talk 'Why West Germany is Impatient with France' (THE LISTENER, April 8), but I would like to enlarge upon two points raised.

The unemployment figure reached its peak of over 2,000,000 in the Federal Republic of Germany last February and the German Government has made all sorts of excuses, which included the weather and over-production, but ignored the real reason, namely, the tremendous influx of refugees from the east. The west Germans are keen to have their country united mainly because they are facing dangerous competition from their fellow nationals who have fled from behind the Iron Curtain. West Berlin itself has more than 200,000 unemployed.

The Germans boast that they have made restitution to the Jews and others who were oppressed by the nazi regime; 'the German people have honoured their pre-war and post-war debts'. This is a fantastic claim, for it is entirely untrue. The *Entschädigungsamt für Wiedergutmachung*, which is the office giving compensation to those who have suffered under Hitler, has worked on claims from genuine cases for nine years, yet very few have been given what they once owned. And to say that Germany has honoured her debts is like saying that the

6,000,000 Jews and many thousands of others who were murdered in concentration camps are perfectly happy in their graves and ashen heaps, as long as their next of kin—if any—has been given a few marks. You cannot compensate murder and anguish so easily.

In last September's elections, say the Germans, all left and right extremists were 'eliminated'. True, there are no longer any extreme parties at Bonn, but the F.D.P. (Free Democrats) is made up of all elements, neo-nazis as well as genuine liberals and a few socialists, depending on the constituency's geographical location. Dr. Adenauer's Christian Democratic Party, too, can list quite a number of members who profess extreme right-wing and national-socialist tendencies.

Yes, Germany is a political and economic paradox all right.—Yours, etc.,

Manchester

JOHN H. IZBICKI

Discovery of the North-west Passage

Sir,—May I add a postscript to the dramatic and tragic account, given by Mr. Murray Parks, of the discovery of the North-west Passage? Although its existence was indisputably established in 1853 by Sir Robert M'Clure, fifty years passed before it was successfully navigated by any vessel. The first man to pass through it in one ship was Roald Amundsen, who sailed in the *Gjøa* from the Atlantic in 1903 and reached the Pacific by this route in 1906.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.14

JOHN GLOAG

Rudyard Kipling as a Sociologist

Sir,—I greatly enjoyed Mr. Noel Annan's talk on Kipling as a sociologist (THE LISTENER, April 8). May I comment on two of his points?

(1) It is true that often in Kipling's stories 'the individualist, the eccentric, the man who offends against the trivial rules of the club, is tarred and feathered with gleeful brutality'. But this is only the incompetent individualist, the man who does not really understand the rules of the club and cannot successfully break them. It is also characteristic of Kipling's stories that the successful individualist—who is often Kipling himself, either in person or thinly disguised—can break all the rules of the club, can successfully invade any number of 'in-groups', because he is 'all-wise and all-seeing'. Throughout his journalistic years in India, Kipling, as a journalist and the son of an artist, was not an accepted member of the Civil Service and Army societies. He was, if anything, closer to that unfortunate Man who would be a King. Perhaps it is not too fanciful to suggest that the assumption of omniscience which is so brashly present in his early stories is a sort of revenge for this lack of acceptance. In any case, he turned his lack of membership of a 'club' into an advantage; 'having no position to consider,' he wrote later, 'and my trade enforcing it, I could move at will in the fourth dimension'. With relish he related how Lord Roberts, although Commander-in-Chief, was glad to ride up Simla Mall with a mere scribbler and find out what the common soldiers thought about things.

Such diverse characters as Strickland, Dana Da, and 'The Worm' are triumphantly able to break the conventions of 'in-groups' and get away with it, because of their wit and ability; it is the foolish subalterns who marry native girls and the foolish Americans who think they can stop express trains or convince England of the existence of the sea-serpent, that find themselves tarred and feathered. My point is that, while Kipling recognised and often approved of the tendency of 'in-groups' and of society at large to tar and feather those who clumsily broke their rules, he also considered that the omniscient observer and the quick-witted individualist could

invade the 'in-group' with success, and even expose and frustrate it.

(2) It may be true that in Britain 'we are accustomed to think of sociologists as reformers', but this does not mean that there was anything remarkable about Kipling being both a sociologist and a conservative. Is it not the case that English conservatism has continually stressed the view that 'to tamper with one part of society will upset the whole system of delicate relationships and functions by which society exists'? One does not have to go to Weber or Durkheim for such a view: it is common to Burke and Coleridge, it was one of the guiding principles of Disraeli's thinking, and it is explicit in Bagehot's explanation of how society operates.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.2

BRUCE MILLER

Sir,—Mr. Noel Annan's interesting talk on this subject especially appealed to me, for, *longo intervallo*—in more senses than one—I had the honour of starting a journalist's career on the *Civil and Military Gazette*, Lahore, which I joined in 1909, twenty years after Kipling's 'Seven Years Hard' (see *Something of Myself*) had ended. In 1919 I was host to the then Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab (Sir Michael O'Dwyer) when he unveiled at our office the tablet recording that 'Rudyard Kipling worked here'.

On sociology I should not venture to cross swords with Mr. Annan but I wonder whether he is right in attributing to the young Kipling so considered a philosophy as is outlined in that kaleidoscopic summary of those first four volumes of short stories. Mr. Annan, no doubt, realises that, though born in Bombay, Kipling went home at the early age of seven and returned ten years later to live that family life which gave him so much encouragement from parents of exceptional merit—the artist father, Lockwood Kipling, Curator of the Lahore Museum, and the mother, Alice Kipling, who had for sisters the wives of Edward Poynter, Burne Jones, and Baldwin (father of the Prime Minister). As craftsman Kipling was supreme, and that can be judged from the tribute paid by him to his first editor, Stephen Wheeler. For his knowledge of the vast machine which ran the subcontinent he went to the Services with which the two newspapers of his Indian journey were, in his day and indeed well into the second decade of this century, closely in touch. With that knowledge he was able to choose material from which the story teller could weave his magic.

Yet, as has been said, he never grew up politically, for though he wrote 'Tod's Amendment' he was a strong opponent throughout his life of the logical consequences of that homily. Nor did he 'cast a bold eye' upon the work of the Services in India. He may have mocked at Simla and Calcutta, as the plainsman habitually did, but the exuberance of his fantasies was far more constant in overpraising than condemning. Your own Hilton Brown's brilliant biography supplies, if I may say so, a corrective to Mr. Annan here. Mr. Brown writes: 'At least for the first forty years of his [Kipling's] work [he] saw everything larger than life, brighter than life: and he transferred to paper not so much a likeness as a vision'.

Mr. Annan asks if the Government in India achieved results. The records refute any idea of sterility. Do not the new India and Pakistan stand today? Was not the transfer of power in 1947, as Mr. Attlee rightly called it, 'a fulfilment of policy'—a policy dating back to the days of Elphinstone and Munro and adhered to—sometimes unconsciously, sometimes laggardly—in the years that were to come? Kipling it is true would not have approved but that merely shows that for him his craft stood first.

May I end on another personal note? When I was editing the *Pioneer* in its quaint mango-tree-surrounded office at Allahabad, I asked a venerable 'copy boy' who had known Kipling at work, 'What sort of man was Kipling?' Quick came the reply from the bearded veteran: 'Kipling sahib, very good sahib—his copy always very clean'. The tribute was not entirely free from a reproving twinkle which suggested that the example might be followed with advantage.—Yours, etc.,

Beckenham

EDWIN HAWARD

'English Law and the Moral Law'

Sir,—Professor T. B. Smith's letter (THE LISTENER, March 25) has little relevance to the question originally raised, namely, whether the courts could refuse to enforce a statute which conflicted with such fundamental principles as freedom of speech and equality before the law. But since he accuses me (in common, I am grateful to note, with most English lawyers and historians) of misunderstanding the constitution of Great Britain, may I refer briefly to the very Scotch red herring he has drawn across the trail?

I am well aware that the statutes which embody the treaties of Union with Scotland and later with Ireland attempted to tie the hands of future parliaments by laying down certain rules as 'fundamental and essential conditions' of those Unions. I also know, as I am sure Professor Smith does, that some of those conditions have been removed by subsequent legislation. The Irish Union Act declared that the Churches of England and Ireland were to be for ever united. Yet in 1869 Gladstone disestablished the Irish Church. The Act of 1707 stipulated that every professor of a Scottish university should acknowledge the Confession of Faith. This, I believe, is no longer necessary. Other amendments to both acts have been carried without in any way invalidating the Unions.

Professor Smith seems to think that wisdom in these matters is to be found only north of the border. He would therefore presumably dismiss as examples of English ignorance the opinions of Blackstone, Maitland, and Dicey, who categorically denied the right of parliament to fetter its successors. But he will not deny the facts I have quoted and they seem to me to tell against his contention.—Yours, etc.,

Sutton

C. E. JEREMY

I Remember . . .

Sir,—Nothing in the letters of your two Catholic correspondents in any way weakens, still less disproves, my assertion that medieval belief in the impossibility of salvation outside the Church has faded away, even among Catholics, into the vaguest uncertainty. Could there be a sharper contrast than that between the clear-cut ruling of Lateran IV, *De Fide Catholica*: 'There is only one universal Church of the faithful and outside it none at all can be saved', and, on the other hand, the closing words of your correspondent 'Catholicus': 'After all, the position is very simple ultimately: we do not know who is saved and who is not'. Dogmas, for all their apparent fixity, change in this changing world; 'like clouds they shape themselves and go'.

Let me make my meaning clearer by citing yet another medieval doctrine—the eternal perdition of unbaptized infants—which, though held and defended for centuries by Popes and Saints and eminent ecclesiastics, has now been quietly dropped. According to the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, as late as A.D. 1100, 'St. Anselm was at one with St. Augustine in holding that unbaptized children share in the positive sufferings of the damned'. Here are the actual words

of that very holy man—the reformed rake and ferocious theologian—St. Augustine: ‘Hold fast to this truth, that not only men of rational age but even babes who die without the sacrament of baptism in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, pass from this world to be punished in eternal fire’ (*de hoc saeculo transeunt sempiterna igne puniendos*). The authoritative ‘Catechism of the Council of Trent’ (1566) speaks of such children as ‘born to eternal misery and perdition’. And your second correspondent, Father Edward Holloway, might perhaps take down his Denzinger’s *Enchiridion*, and spend a pleasant half-hour or so hunting up other ecclesiastical horrors.

I am accused of anti-Catholic bias. I confess that I certainly have a very decided bias against any form of totalitarianism, and it cannot be denied that Roman Catholicism is totalitarian in *excelsis*. When it has the power it tolerates no rival; it had its medieval Ogpu in the days of the Inquisition; and it exacts the same blind, unquestioning *perinde ac cadaver* obedience as the Kremlin.—Yours, etc.,

Bournemouth

HAROLD BINNS

Sir,—Surely the problem raised by the axiom ‘Outside the Church there is no salvation’ and the common teaching that people may in fact be saved outside the Church is capable of quite a simple reconciliation, and this without whittling down either side.

St. Augustine wrote 1,500 years ago: ‘Divine Providence is concerned with men individually as well as with mankind taken collectively; what God does for each man in particular He himself knows and they in whom He does it; what He has done for mankind is manifested in history and prophecy’ (*Treatise on True Religion* c. 25 No. 46). Thus:

(a) Christ’s act of redemption is for mankind taken collectively. As individuals it is not for us to whittle down the terms of salvation won for us by Christ, or to make ourselves exceptions. For us redemption and the terms of salvation are essential, a literal necessity.

(b) But God is not bound in the same way. He may well choose to be satisfied with less from those who are free of blame. The Church, for its part, has always thought and taught that he would be ready to do so.

Therefore Boniface VIII is right when he teaches in *Unam Sanctam* that submission to the Roman Pontiff is necessary for every human being who wishes to be saved. That is part of the Saviour’s Covenant for Mankind. But Pius IX is also right when he teaches: ‘It must be equally held as certain that ignorance of the true faith, if it be invincible, excuses one from all fault in the eyes of the Saviour. What a presumption it is to attempt to fix the limits of invincible ignorance.—Let whatever credit is due to good faith be given it. But let it not entail the slighting of truth and its claims’ (1854.)

I submit no difficulty remains.—Yours, etc.,
London, W.14 E. STUART

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR,
THE LISTENER]

Harold Godwinson, the Gay Adventurer

Sir,—I am glad that I did not hear the talk by Mr. Alfred Duggan which you print in THE LISTENER of April 8, on Harold Godwinson. Merely reading it made my blood boil. I think it preposterous that any kind of an Englishman, or even what is known as a Britisher, should write like this about the invasion of his own country by a foreigner who had relied on every kind of trickery in order to secure control of the properly chosen and elected King Harold.

As to the statements made by Mr. Duggan I do not think it is necessary to do more than

point out that his version of the events of 1066 is completely contradicted by such standard works as Freeman’s *Norman Conquest*, the writings of Professor Trevelyan and the late Sir Eric Maclagan’s study of the Bayeux Tapestry. On what authority does Mr. Duggan casually dismiss the election of Harold to the throne? He might stop to consider that the whole story of Harold has come down to us, with the exception of the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, from foreign sources. Yet even in these prejudiced writings he stands forth as a king and a hero. I fear that Mr. Duggan is himself on the way to a Battle of Hastings.—Yours, etc.,

London, E.C.4

L. G. PINE,

Managing Editor, Burke’s Peerage Ltd.

Oliver Messiaen

Sir,—In his interesting article on Messiaen (THE LISTENER, April 8), Mr. Aprahamian states that ‘the significant composers of our day have found it necessary to forge their own musical tools by devising their own musical systems’. The implication behind this remark, intended or otherwise, is that, for example, in our own country, Vaughan Williams, Tippett, and Rubbra are not ‘significant’ musicians, presumably because they have chosen to express their art within the framework of our generally accepted western musical system.

That a mere handful of the significant artists at work today choose to work within a self-restricted system is a mere extension of the age-old development of all creative artists in finding the proper ‘musical tools’ through which to express their own particular contributions.

To go the whole hog as has Schönberg, and to some extent Messiaen, is to place their music outside the cultural ‘vogue’ of the present day. Presumably they will have to wait for proper valuation until the current trends of artistic understanding have fully explored their at present isolated regions. It is a matter of exploration and not of catching up. An artist can create in isolation, but if he is to live then he must be absorbed into the cultural traditions of society.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.11

GRAHAM TREACHER

Why British Trains are Slower

Sir,—In his letter last week Mr. A. P. Smith criticises the talk I gave in the Home Service on March 24, an excerpt from which you published in THE LISTENER of April 1. Mr. Smith is so full of inaccuracies that I should like to comment on these in the order in which they appear in his letter.

(1) He insinuates that bomb damage to our railways amounted to merely a few broken glasses, an opinion hardly likely to be subscribed to by those whose job it was to keep our lines open at that time. We lost 550 passenger coaches and 10,000 freight waggons totally destroyed, with 3,000 and 18,000 damaged. This wastage created an acute crisis as D-Day approached. Then there was heavy damage to stations (Charing Cross was closed for a week), ports, and other installations, besides damage to track.

(2) I began my talk by expressing admiration for French railways, but such admiration does not extend to the manner in which they run their annual revenues. Mr. Smith confuses capital expenditure with revenue. I do not think we regard our railways as ‘an unpleasant necessity’—many of us unconnected with British Railways take a keen interest in their working. Cheap gibes carry one nowhere.

(3) British Railways are making an issue of £80,000,000 now out of which £2,000,000 is to go on diesel locomotives. Electrification is to be extended on the Southern Region and the main Manchester to Sheffield line will be operating

electrically this summer. In this country we are, as I pointed out in my talk, limiting our expenditure to the means put at our disposal annually.

(4) There is no more fallacious argument than to say money is saved by running old locomotives and rolling-stock. When funds are available they will be replaced but not till then.

(5) Long-distance, non-stop trains are still uneconomic in relation to the ceiling of coal mileage. We are still at the stage of trying to achieve the greatest good for the greatest number of people. Incidentally, I did not state that trains today are heavier than before the war—in my talk I referred to the war-time ones—though in point of fact the average does happen to be still heavier than the pre-war ones.

(6) My broadcast did not mention the U.S.A., but as Mr. Smith does now refer to this country it might be interesting to point out that American railways today are going through a very great passenger-trade recession.

(7) Firemen had to be trained after the war and this took time, but the drivers are just as efficient.

(8) Mr. Smith draws a false comparison between the powerful pre-war locomotives and the ‘Britannias’. The latter are not designed to compete. The most powerful new British Railway engines will make their appearance this summer. As long as the older powerful locomotives were available other needs were more pressing within the framework of economy.

(9) I myself expressed the hope that British Railways would see to the cleanliness and general maintenance of our passenger coaches.

Mr. Smith accused me of smug complacency. I suggest the first principle is accuracy in statements before levelling such accusations.

Yours, etc.,

Hayward’s Heath

PHILIP E. WITAM

How to be an Author

Sir,—Grocer or journalist, it is still wrong that authorship should be a part-time occupation. How can you produce your best work when you come to it with brain and body tired? How can you meet other people to obtain their views and ideas for your own creations if you are fixed behind a counter all day?

All the same, why decry journalism, as Mr. Noble does? (THE LISTENER, April 1). All in the profession must learn, the easy or the hard way, to handle words and to write what they mean to convey. (I wish some modern authors could be taught that.) They must be prodded to write to order. That training could be a godsend to authors who writhe for inspiration. I do agree, however, that a journalist can become word-weary.

I would argue that authorship is part inspiration (the inward eye to see a story and characters) and part presentation. One cannot succeed without the other. One is born with the former, one acquires the latter. If one enters journalism with the idea of learning, it can be a valuable education. But—after—ah, well, that’s an individual matter!—Yours, etc.,

Romsey

ERNEST J. GALE

Poems by Lorca

Sir,—With Francisco García Lorca, I am editing a volume of *The Selected Poems of Federico García Lorca*, in which we hope to publish the best English translations we can find. Translators are requested to send copies of their published and unpublished versions of Lorca’s poems, with a self-addressed envelope and return postage, to the undersigned.

Yours, etc.,

59 West 9th Street,
New York 11, N.Y.

D. M. ALLEN

The Heroic View of Art

By ANDREW FORGE

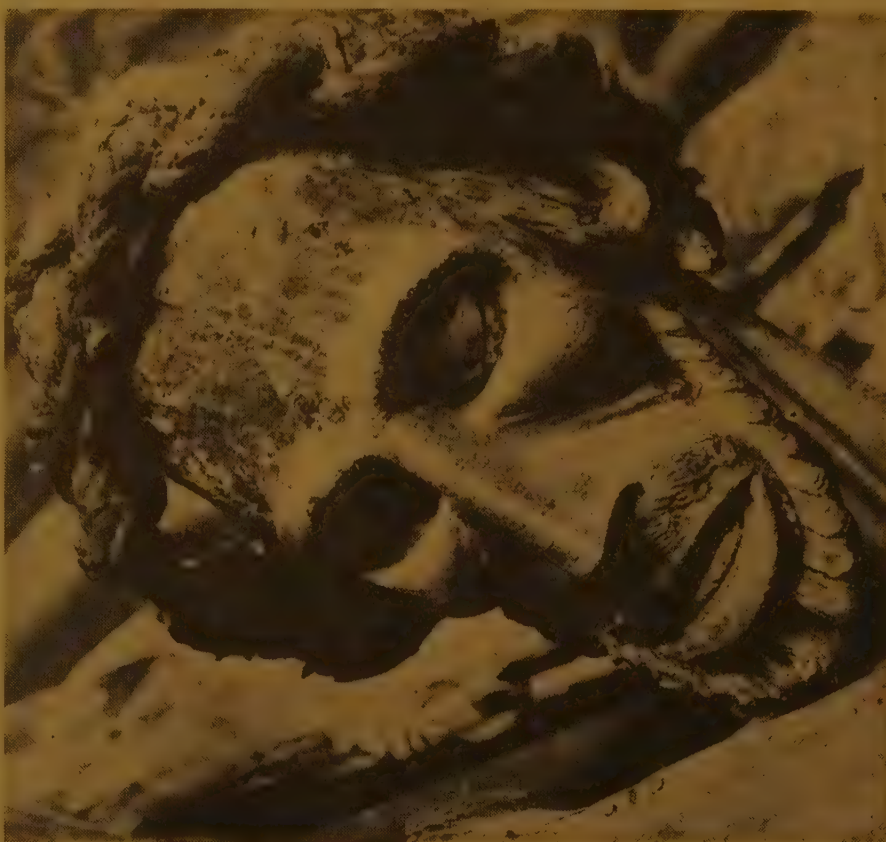
ANDRÉ MALRAUX'S *The Voices of Silence**, neither a work of art history nor art criticism, is itself a work of art. It can be regarded without loss of stature as a novel on art. M. Malraux opposes himself to the art historian by searching for that which connects the greatest artists; and by reiterating that an appreciation which applies equally to great art and to a painting which is not art, is no appreciation at all. It is perhaps here that the book will strike its heaviest and most disruptive blow. 'It is certain that painting has a history, less certain that (the act of) creation has one...'. Malraux's far-ranging campaigns with the artists are aimed at a declaration of that which lies beyond their history. Their historical relationships are examined for what they can tell of a continuing and constant process. This, the sign of their greatness, is all that interests him. There is the contempt of the artist for the authority in his reference to 'cultural groups' who can understand more easily the 'symbolical expression of the values of their culture than the expression of their underlying significance'. Such cultural groups, when they venture into criticism, respond to the most apt symbols of the values of the day and esteem most highly the artists who make them. An aura of scholarship gives a new twist to the old notion of perfection which saw Giotto as an improvement on Cimabue, Raphael an immaculate Perugino.

Malraux is implacably opposed to such interpretations. What concerns him is greatness and he has a heroic view of art, seeing it as a revolt, continually renewed, of man against his mortal condition. Each work is a victory over time, not because the ideas it deals with are beyond time but because a living style has been wrung from the past. Like Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, the book will continue to ferment within our systems long after we have absorbed its special nourishment.

The camera places all works of art on level terms. The clean sweep it makes conjures an imaginary museum, the Museum without Walls, upon whose foundations Malraux builds his essay. Only the living present can resuscitate the forms of the past and it is the autonomy of modern art which makes it possible for us to turn our cameras on distant works and to see them not as savage fetishes, Madonnas or representations, but as art. Within the museum without walls the genesis of style is to be understood. Creative genius stands in relation to the past as fire stands in relation to that which it consumes. Style is not an adornment of the artist's way of seeing the world, nor necessarily the most effective presentation of that which it reproduces; it is the end of the artist's activity, a dynamic compound of form and content expressing his particular interpretation of the world. To the question, 'What is art?' Malraux answers flatly: 'That whereby forms are transmuted into style'. But what forms? And what is the starting point of this transmutation? The artist does not see in a special way. What sets him apart is his love of pictures. The non-artist's vision only

becomes precise when it is focussed on an act, and the same is true of the painter, only for him the act is painting. His life starts when he says, overcome by some painting he has seen, 'I too will become a painter'. It does not start with a particular response to nature nor from his personality as a child artist, for then he surrendered to the world while as an adult he possesses it. The fallacy which regards realism as a submission to the world stems from a view which sees art as an embellishment of the real and not as a particular interpretation of it. Equally wide of the mark is the theory of an omnipotent emotional response to things seen.

Art is '... begotten of life upon an art preceding it' and its pursuit is a vocation, so, at the outset, the artist's freedom is limited and he can only begin by painting pastiches. He is free when he overwhelms the forms he inherited and the discrepancies between them and his own intentions. Thus the continuity of history operates through a succession of metamorphoses and at no time has great art sustained itself on the idea of perfecting a previous art. The imitator, classical art pins his faith to a continuity of form, but the classical artist sponsors a continuity of conquest. So can a painter's relationship to his own time be finally specified? Only on the deepest personal level, for no painter worth the name paints the values of his time as he might paint a country he has visited rather he paints them as he might paint death if he knew that he was suffering from an incurable disease. 'It is less a question of art crystallising around an historical situation than the action of history on a continual creative process'.



'Christ in Prayer': fifteenth-century sculpture from Perpignan
From 'The Voices of Silence'

Where do we stand in this picture? The consciousness of history thrown against the dying absolutes, has revealed an unsuspected absolute: art itself. Now that we are able to regard art historically and thus accept the hitherto unacceptable styles in their own right, how do we respond to that value which sets art apart from all other human activity? Modern artists would say that their art has no values, meaning didactic intentions. But modern art has values deeper than the mere pleasure of the eye, and they stem from our unique awareness of that which lies beyond and is untouched by the history of art: art's stand against Destiny. Destiny is all that forces upon us a sense of our human predicament. Any art that does not join in man's unceasing dialogue with Destiny is a mere art of delectation and as such is dead. 'The history of art is one long record of successive emancipations, since while history aims... at transposing destiny on to the plane of consciousness art transmutes it into freedom'.

There are criticisms of the values ascribed to certain individuals: Leonardo's style is surely more connected with the tonal range of oil paint than Malraux admits. El Greco is not Baroque. More seriously he fails to reconcile his preoccupation with developments with the individual autonomy of modern art. Such criticisms, although they could be carried further, make absolutely no impression upon his grand view.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Jonathan Swift. By John Middleton Murry. Cape. 30s.

'SOMETIMES YOU STRIKE ME with that prodigious awe, I tremble with fear; at other times a charming compassion shines through your countenance which revives my soul'. So in a letter from Esther Vanhomrigh (Vanessa) to Swift, of which Mr. Murry declares: 'It is the most penetrating description of Swift that we have'. That, certainly, is the warp of Mr. Murry's tapestry, the woof being his statement; 'The question: Is man, in the main, rational or irrational? exercised Swift all his life'. The threads are inextricably woven in this new and penetrating study, beautifully organised, at times brilliant, and always relevant to the query, 'What was Swift really like?' We are made more than ever aware of the complexity, the genius, the passion, the depth of a man who in forcing reason to dominate passion in a sense broke himself.

In this original approach to Swift Mr. Murry makes his own judgments in the light of his experience of men and matters: not that he is unaware of recent scholarship (though some gaps are discernible), but that he is fresh in sympathetic understanding, as you would expect from the man who has written about Keats as Mr. Murry has done. The most individual, and therefore the most valuable, part is his treatment of Swift's relation with women, Miss Waring (Varina), Esther Johnson (Stella), and Vanessa. He suggests that Swift's 'creation', we may call it, of Stella was his answer to the humiliation of Varina's rejection of him: then Vanessa introduced a variation of the theme, so that Swift, by a tremendous effort of the will, and from a sense of what he owed Stella, evolved the queerest, tensest relation with this new, disturbing personality. 'Even though nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand would find it impossible not to be thrown off their balance in such a relation, it is no argument against Swift. He was the man in a thousand'. Mr. Murry treats all this fascinatingly—though he seems to ignore the possibility that Swift's real reason for not wholly 'marrying' anybody, was his fear lest his vertigo might develop into madness; as indeed it did.

It might be objected that Mr. Murry is a little prone to interpret Swift too much in terms of the heart; as when he insists that the female Yahoo who embraced Gulliver, having hair as black as a sloe, must be Stella, whom Swift was thus 'annihilating'. But surely this is to miss one of the humorous moments of the book, as illustrating amusingly the shreds of Gulliver's pride. 'After all', he is saying, 'she was the best-looking Yahoo'. The central thing about Swift is not his relations with women, charming and delicate as these relations often were: if his letters to women are infinitely touching and even passionate, is there anything much more moving in the whole of our literature than the farewell letters Swift and Pope wrote each other when Swift left England for ever?

Not too much space, however, is given to personal relations; the great writer is still the main concern. Thus Mr. Murry is right in giving as much space as he does to the Pindaric Odes: it is to be wished he had given more to *A Tale of a Tub*. If one were to criticise his treatment of this, and of *Gulliver*, it would be to say that he does not enough recognise the tradition in which Swift was working—if only to spoof it—namely that of scholastic argumentation. Again, in *Gulliver*, though he is right to stress the enormous importance of the Struldbrugs as a link between Books II and IV, he

too cavalierly dismisses the rest of Book III. Just as he tells us earlier that the *Argument against Abolishing Christianity* is enormously funnier if we are acquainted with the literature of the period, so we might say to him about Book III, which is, moreover, an essential part of the deflating of human pride—here the pride of the intellect—which the whole *Travels* is. In the same way he would regard *A Modest Proposal* as a more detached piece of work if due attention had been paid to the orthodox economic pamphlets of the time. Thus here and there, in his perhaps proper eagerness to see the passionate man rather than the deliberate artist, Mr. Murry is myopic as to literary merit; he does not see the consummate skill of *The Conduct of the Allies*, nor allow it any of the humour which is plentifully there. But he is admirable on the poems (though he says little about their technical virtuosity) down to that burningly triumphant imaginative flare 'The Legion Club', the most devastating poem in the language. And all the while Mr. Murry organises his material beautifully, the result being a profoundly moving book. If he misses certain points that Mr. Quintana, Mr. Herbert Davis, and others have made, this is so far the most satisfying and illuminating book on Swift that has yet appeared.

Napoleon and the Awakening of Europe.

By F. M. H. Markham.

English Universities Press. 7s. 6d.

The 'significant historical theme' which Mr. Markham has succeeded in opening up in this excellent biographical study of Napoleon I is the rejection by Europe of French domination. The reasons for this are analysed briefly in chapter seven and the consequences worked out and illustrated in the remaining four chapters. The first half of the book is concerned with Napoleon's Corsican origins, his rise to prominence as a revolutionary general, and his achievements as a civil ruler. Much that Mr. Markham has to say on these subjects is the product of the best kind of historical revaluation, based not only on the recent scholarship of French historians, but also on a fresh and individual reconsideration of Napoleon's career against the wider contemporary background. The result is a work which supersedes the older study of Napoleon by H. A. L. Fisher in the *Home University Library* and successfully challenges comparison with Professor Butterfield's brilliant analytical sketch in the 'Great Lives' series. Mr. Markham has an enviable mastery of the more recently published original sources, such as the memoirs of Queen Hortense and of Caulaincourt and General Bertrand's *Journal de Sainte-Hélène* (though he does not appear to have used Professor Dunan's new edition of *Las Cases' Mémoires*), and he uses this new evidence with literary skill.

Occasionally, it would be possible to dissent from some of Mr. Markham's *obiter dicta*, such as the description of Campo Formio as 'a brilliant peace for France', the view that, in his schemes of codification, Napoleon was an intellectual protagonist of the Roman system of law, or the suggestion that the Napoleonic Legend had its origin in the famous farewell to the old guard at Fontainebleau, for surely the Imperial war bulletins have some relevance in this connection. In the concluding notes on further reading there appears to be a confusion in the use of asterisks, with which the author presumably means to indicate French works avail-

able in an English translation, but which are, in fact, also applied to works originally written in English. It would perhaps be worth while correcting this illogicality in future editions. These, however, are small matters of detail or of the distribution of emphasis, and weigh little in the balance against the assurance and authority of the author's presentation of Napoleon as the last of the Enlightened Despots rather than the first of the modern dictators. Mr. Markham makes clear, in a way which few English historians do, the indebtedness, not only of Napoleon, but also of his collaborators, to the practices and preconceptions of the *Ancien Régime* and he rightly stresses the influence of Daunou upon the constitutional changes of the year VIII. The treatment of Napoleon's educational policy and of his relations with the Papacy is, like so much else in the book, clear, concise, and illuminating. The discerning appreciation of Napoleon's military strategy in its successive phases and the acute assessment of his economic policies are two other virtues of a book which justly deserves a wide and appreciative circle of readers.

Colour Prejudice in Britain: A Study of West Indian Workers in Liverpool, 1941-1945. By Anthony H. Richmond.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 18s.

In recent years Colonial immigration into Britain has been extensively surveyed by university departments in Edinburgh and Liverpool. Studies have been made of coloured communities in London, Manchester, Cardiff, and on Tyneside, and of Colonial students and professionals in their relations with British people. Mr. Richmond's book, based on an investigation of West Indians in industry, is a valuable contribution to the sociology of Negro settlement in Britain. These West Indian technicians were brought over during the war under a scheme organised jointly by the Ministry of Labour and the Colonial Office to aid production. A curious lack of foresight on the part of the authorities placed them on Merseyside where colour prejudice is strong, and this factor seems to have been the main obstacle to their assimilation. Mr. Richmond examines the latter question in detail, drawing comparisons with the United States, and supplies some interesting information about attitudes on both sides of the colour line which corresponds with similar enquiries made in other parts of the country. He stresses quite rightly that economic competition is only the simple explanation of colour antipathy, and makes the important observation that to live in an area known to be occupied predominantly by coloured families is felt by many people to be a sign of a fall in social status. The implications of this point, which Mr. Richmond might have pursued further sociologically, are that 'colour' has a very low social rating in the British system and that the function of stereotypes of the Negro is to maintain a degree of social distance between him, irrespective of his actual credentials, and the rest of society.

In addition to group relations, Mr. Richmond paid attention to the individual adjustment of West Indians to life in Britain. His main criterion was the acceptance on the part of the individual of the duties and responsibilities expected of him in his role as industrial employee, and it was estimated on this basis that roughly half of the total group studied made a 'good' or 'excellent' adjustment. Mr. Richmond's conclusion is that the best adjusted West



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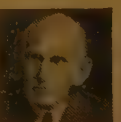
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Indians were those who succeeded in establishing satisfactory personal relationships with others, and there is a relatively high correlation between occupational skill and satisfactory adjustment, which may be sociologically significant in this respect. It is also interesting to note that attitudes in the factory towards the coloured men were sometimes distinctly ambivalent. There seems to have been a genuine admiration for the skill, workmanship, and other abilities shown by some of the West Indians and yet a certain reluctance to give full credit. The Englishman found it difficult to throw off altogether his previous notion of the coloured man as an inferior.

The book concludes with proposals for improving racial relations and inter-racial understanding, including educational measures and statutory legislation. It is carefully and thoughtfully written and well documented in regard to Liverpool, but it is a pity that its author did not make greater use of the comparative material now available in support of his wider generalisations. For example, he claims that he has demonstrated conclusively the widespread existence of colour prejudice in Britain, but offers, in fact, very little evidence of this outside the local scene.

**English Historical Documents. Vol. VIII
1660-1714. Edited by Andrew
Browning. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 80s.**

This, the eighth volume of the series, is the second to appear; its compilation has been entrusted to Professor Browning, who not only has an unrivalled knowledge of the period and its sources, but a power of lucid and judicious expression. Within the limits imposed by the series, the job has been well done; and the volume will be of great service to teachers and researchers. After a well-reasoned introduction, there follow eleven sections, each equipped with a bibliography, devoted to such topics as the Monarchy, Parliament, Foreign Affairs, Scotland, and Ireland. The book, extending to 966 pages has been admirably produced, and is the product of much labour, thought, and skill.

Nevertheless, it may be doubted whether it will be of great service to the student or the public. In his general preface to the series Professor Douglas maintains that, because of difficulty in approach to the original sources, there is a wide gap between historian and student; and that the general reader has no means of checking, by reference to the evidence, 'tendentious or partial interpretations of the past'. The implication therefore is that this evidence can be made available in such a book as this; and as the series is designed for thirteen volumes of about 900 pages each, one might hope that nothing of importance has been left out; so, the Macaulays of the future will be confuted from first-hand evidence at the disposal of even the 'general reader'. But (through no fault of his) Professor Browning has clearly demonstrated, in this volume, how unattainable is such an ideal. For he is concerned with historical documents generally, and as the volume proceeds from the beaten tracks of Crown and Parliament to the jungles of Trade, Finance, and Local Government, the reader becomes more conscious of how hopeless is the task, and also how wise were the older editors who limited themselves to constitutional or economic documents. The result is that such subjects as Industry, the Press, the Poor, and Agriculture are represented by hardly any documents, while 'Science, Education, Scepticism, and Superstition' are assigned thirteen pages. So in these departments, at least, our future Macaulays will have a free run.

Such an ambitious scheme as that envisaged by this series might hope for more success if applied to a medieval period, where the material

is more limited, and the formal 'document' of more importance. Now the study of medieval history enjoys, not undeservedly, a prestige somewhat higher than that of modern history, because it is a more scholarly pursuit, dependent on a certain apparatus of learning. It is assumed therefore that the methods adopted for the study of medieval history are suitable, even desirable, for modern periods; accordingly, the 'document' acquires a certain sanctity. But, in fact, the writing of modern history is dependent mainly on analysis of an enormous mass of miscellaneous material, much of which might be described as 'office material', few items of which are suitable for reproduction, but all of which are necessary for reaching conclusions. Now Professor Browning's book contains a number of selections from such miscellaneous material, many of them 'specimens' of a class of document, and so it might appear that this objection has been met; for, as the historian's task is to portray the normal, not the abnormal, so the 'specimen' might (seemingly) illustrate normality. But selection of such 'specimens' may give a completely wrong impression.

An example of this is the reproduction of the directions given to the jury by the court in the trial of the Seven Bishops; when, in effect, the jury was invited to determine not only on the publication, but on the fact of the libel. From this, the reader of this volume may well assume that such a principle, the principle afterwards embodied in Fox's Libel Act, was normal in this period; nor could he deduce that it was abnormal, save by the reproduction of directions by the court in similar cases of libel in this period, where a very different principle was applied; the abnormal could thus be illustrated only by citation of examples of the normal; for which there is obviously no room. All this could however be explained in far less space than is required for the reproduction of all the relevant documents. True, the reader, in the absence of the documents, would have to take something on trust; but life is like that. Our academic historians (many of them, alas, guilty of tediousness rather than of bias) will not be convicted by the evidence of such a book as this; that object indeed could not be achieved even by a series having at its disposal the cubic content of *Hansard*, and the editorship of the Archangel Gabriel.

The French Theatre of Today

By Harold Hobson. Harrap. 12s. 6d.

Contemporary French drama, whatever its stakes in immortality, is certainly more alert and resourceful than its English *vis-à-vis*. Mr. Hobson's animated survey proves the point, though he is far from putting any uncharitable pressure on it. This guide to the Paris theatre, as a whole written specifically for the English visitor, begins with the three mysterious gentlemen in evening dress who preside in every theatre foyer, and from there proceeds to an enthusiastic enquiry into the qualities of temperament, style, and purpose which make the French stage what it is. The young tourist spending his first fortnight in Paris, and gravitating, inevitably, theatrewards in the evenings, should find this book a useful friend. Mr. Hobson gives detailed analyses, all the more rewarding for being unpretentious, of the work of most of the leading French dramatists, including Marcel Aymé, Sartre, Salacrou, Montherlant, and Anouilh. He is surely right to devote space to Salacrou, who is less known here than his stature warrants—and to deprecate, a little, the notoriety of Cocteau. He soft-pedals the too-much discussed Anouilh, who, for all his accomplishment and versatility, remains something of a lightweight, and devotes more space to that unequal but unpredictable dramatist, Montherlant.

Among producers and actors, the emphasis is inevitably on Barrault and the late Louis Jouvet. Many who agree with Mr. Hobson's assessment of Edwige Feuillère as the greatest living actress would wish he had given her more space. Her charm may be indefinable, but her consummate and highly conscious technique would repay an enthusiast's analysis. In a general survey, Mr. Hobson might have devoted a little more space to that venerable, but never quite calculable institution, the Comédie Française. After all, a routine performance of Racine—*Andromaque* in violet veils, sinking across the stage in ritual swoops, expressing grief, but suggesting curtsy-practice—is perhaps the oddest theatrical experience an innocent Englishman in Paris is likely to have. Nevertheless, this is an excellent guide, infectiously high-spirited, full of out-of-the-way information and gossip. The author has one nervous tic—a habit of repeated reference to 'The Deep Blue Sea'. Admirable as that play may be, the theatre-going tourist who uses it as constantly, for purposes of comparison, as Mr. Hobson suggests, will find it more a stumbling-block than a touchstone. Or perhaps it is meant as an Anglo-Saxon talisman against the diabolic horns and hooves which peep so unmistakably, so persistently from one corner or another of the French theatrical scene?

**The Bridges of Britain. By Eric de Maré.
Batsford. 42s.**

**The New Small House. By F. R. S. Yorke
and Penelope Whiting.**

Architectural Press. 25s.

'A bridge', writes Mr. de Maré, 'is a symbol of Achievement, of Defiance and Conquest'. This is true. It may also well be true that Man threw a log across a brook long before he ever built a house. 'A bridge has one uncompromising function and this limitation is a great aid to attaining purity and perfection of form'. Whether for the historian, therefore, who can hear the drums of the armies of the world beating across bridges, or for the poet who sees an unalloyed beauty in the arch's catenary curve which, touching still water, echoes itself, the bridge must arouse emotion. The author's claim, then, that this is the first comprehensive work upon British bridges, is surprising. It would seem to be correct.

Mr. de Maré is an explorer; he has already written on canals and rivers, and the 156 illustrations to the present work are mainly his own photographs. He gives us a vast amount of information but never allows the poetry of his subject to be obscured by the facts: on the contrary, it is the sensitive presentation of the facts that makes the book live. Sometimes he may overwrite. In his enthusiasm for the beauty of bridges, for the symbolic and mystical aspect of bridge building, he is tempted into not a little 'fine writing'. But once he is fairly launched upon his story—with the inevitable Clapper Bridge on Dartmoor—he carries us with him on his journey over the masonic arches of the Middle Ages—massive and graceful—telling us how they were built, financed, maintained. And so, by way of the more sophisticated, more stylistic essays with which the Palladians were wont to adorn the parks of their noble clients, to 'The Age of Greatness and the Engineer'. And, for all its other achievements, it is surely with its bridges—stone, iron, steel—that the Victorian Age has left its surest mark upon history. The stories of Telford and Brunel, the stories of Clifton, Menai, and Forth, of canal aqueducts and the great viaducts have been told many times. We can be grateful to Mr. de Maré for bringing them together in one volume.

It is a book which tells of high constructive effort through the ages. It is a sad little com-



Laboratory check on a magnetron intended for use in radar equipment.

PROGRESS IN ELECTRONICS

THE possibility of using radio to detect and locate unseen objects has intrigued scientists since the turn of the century, but it was not until the advent of the multi-cavity magnetron during the late war that the history of modern radar began.

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ent upon the last age of all that today in every bridge is some little secret pocket, ready for the destroying explosive.

To turn from Mr. de Maré to *The New Small House*, by Mr. Yorke and Miss Whiting, is to turn from the sublime to the fashionable, or at least to the topical. Nevertheless, this little book is rather more than a mere picture-book

or pot-boiler. It shows, very clearly, what ingenuity and skill can do when faced with the austerities and economies imposed upon house design by the licensing system. Indeed, a few architects would even seem to have been inspired by their difficulties into producing a new architectural genre. This book illustrates a number of post-war houses. None is dull,

many are fascinating. They range in price from £1,100 to £4,000. The architect should find the book an object lesson in what can be done; the layman should use the book not as a source for plans—since a good plan is good for one site only—but as a list of architects who have emerged as being able to handle a problem that is both novel and tough.

New Novels

The Malacca Cane. By Robert Kemp. Duckworth. 8s. 6d.

Fever in Mexico. By Pierre Fisson. Dakers. 9s. 6d.

A Flame for Doubting Thomas. By Richard Llewellyn. Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.

The Man Without Qualities, Vol. II. By Robert Musil. Secker and Warburg. 25s.

ROBERT KEMP has written a very amusing first novel, but it is odd that *The Malacca Cane*, the only fantasy among these four, should also be the only one presented in conventional narrative style. Not that Mr. Kemp is one of those soap-opera librettists trading as novelists who are so tangled in the narrative thread that they have to describe the position, shape, movement, and destination of every sandwich on a plate; but his book does proceed technically on the assumption denied by Virginia Woolf, that life is 'a series of gig lamps symmetrically arranged'. The other three novels, on a conception if not wholly in treatment, qualify for her approval by regarding life as a 'luminous halo' around individual consciousness. As records of impact, told from the point of impact, essentially lyrical, they ignore narrative thread as a convention outside personal awareness. If they are therefore harder to follow it is because, instead of neat balance sheets, they present only what a poet has called 'lyrical totals', and we are left to work out the sums ourselves. If we think it necessary.

Polysyllabic humour can be as irritating as a gig in the ribs, but if you get a laugh out of *Ansard* or otherwise enjoy the contrast between solemn phrase and farcical situation you will find *The Malacca Cane* just right. Magnus Thin (Mansie), a timid young clerk, lives with his mother in an Edinburgh tenement, his world surrounded by the Jupiter Assurance Company, the official weather forecast, and the hallelujahs of the Children of Gabriel, a group of religious rumbeaters. In a sudden surge of manhood he buys a second-hand malacca cane, and from that moment his life is changed, for the cane takes charge, magically, and leads him into various unexpected situations. Whether Mr. Kemp is describing the cooking habits of tenement families or a pile of old shoes in a junkshop window he manages to make the ordinary seem extraordinary, richly alive, and always funny. It is only the pages devoted to fantasy that are flat, as though our shrewd commentator is silent now that he has no real life to observe. When Mr. Kemp chooses to limit himself to the fantasies of everyday existence he will assuredly produce a humorous novel to be read and kept with the best.

As readers of *Fever in Mexico* we sit at the point of impact where nature in its tropical extravagance assaults the sensitive consciousness of two travellers, Thomas and Anne. Thomas, formerly a business man, is a social failure on an endless journey of escape. Tormented by a sense of uselessness, he keeps up a pretence of purposeful activity, even on this trip through the wilds. At first Anne thinks she can cure him, but when she finds him as much a failure in nature as in society she turns to Quito, a Mexican airman, who is everything that Thomas is not—the natural man, natural even at the controls of his aircraft, where he achieves the desired synthesis

of nature and machine. Nature merely infuriates Thomas, civilised man at a loss where money and anger are alike useless, but Anne cannot resist the primal fascination of the wild. The fever is not hers alone; it is the fever of the civilised mind rawly exposed to the forgotten ecstasy of its origins. Pierre Fisson evokes with terrible beauty the fly-blown horror of jungle and native village as seen through western eyes, yet leaves us in no doubt that native indifference to danger and squalor is more natural than the revulsion of conventional minds. He is excellently served by his translator, Mervyn Savill. Their descriptions of forest and river convey with tenacious intensity the unrelenting pressure of tropical nature.

In *A Flame for Doubting Thomas* the jungle is further north—a pleasure pier congested with sideshows on the Californian coast near Los Angeles. Strange territory for Mr. Llewellyn, but he treads it like a native. His hero is Thomas K. Follett, a thirty-six-year-old American who has given up a university professorship in history to come to this spot, where he hopes to meditate and write a book. The owner of the pier is pestered by gangsters who want to establish a gambling den among the booths, so pestered that he disappears one night, leaving his pier and the persistent gangsters to Follett. As Follett wishes to keep everything legal (having been brought up on the Declaration of Independence) he runs into trouble, both from the gangsters, who engineer 'accidents' to intimidate him, and from the show people, anxious for a quiet life and more afraid of gangsters than of police.

Mr. Llewellyn writes a beautiful prose which punches along nervously in a Celtic flutter of consonants, made for reading aloud in the bardic tradition, delightfully imaginative. Stiffened with violence, vice, and American slang, the book often reads like Raymond Chandler in a faery mist—tread softly because you tread on my teeth. Unfortunately the hero, Follett, is rather a helpless character. The best that can be said for him is that he means well. Everything turns out all right for him, as though slim-hipped American manhood is enough in itself to ensure success in this world. Follett's women are from the Chandler stable too (I assume Mr. Chandler keeps them in a stable): wealthy, willing, uncomfortable in their clothes, so immaculately beautiful they exist only as caryatids. These compelling torsos are too perfect to swell with common breath; it is surprising how much life a squint or a broken nose can bring to fiction. The publishers say this book is 'a powerful parable of the modern world', the struggle with the gangsters mirroring 'the fight of free peoples everywhere against the forces of aggression and ruthless disregard for law'. To me it is a novel which does not fulfil its early promise but is still an entertaining yarn, with no profounder moral than this: if you are a professor of history

don't play the slot-machines and, above all, resist the temptation to fish naked women out of the sea.

Robert Musil died twelve years ago to the day (April 15, 1942), leaving unfinished one of the longest, most interesting and most exasperating novels ever written, a book which induces in me alternating fits of delight and catalepsy. The second volume of *The Man Without Qualities* returns us to the Vienna of 1913-14, where the committee headed by Diotima seeks the Great Idea which will epitomise the Austrian spirit in the Austrian year of 1918, the seventieth anniversary of Emperor Franz Josef's accession—the spirit of Greater Austria, True Austria, Universal Austria. . . . What are they all talking about? Nobody knows. It is as vague as life. Ulrich, the man without qualities, refuses to feel firm ground underfoot; to him history is really a form of hysteria, a firework display of ever-diverging possibilities; the solidity of life is an illusion created by the protective human habit of fitting conventional properties to things, 'placing the world in a light which emanates from us'. Ulrich is the artist in his sophisticated innocence, uncommitted, inquisitively open to the atoms as they fall.

Musil was mathematician, engineer, and philosopher, and he seems to have brought to his book all the precision and abstruse thought acquired in his professional training. His translators, Eithne Wilkins and Ernst Kaiser, have performed a great feat of skill and valour. From this mass of prose emerges a strange picture of ourselves as floating organisms, almost as though Musil has endowed us with an extra sense. He attacks the assumptions on which daily existence is based, denies logical laws and asserts the vitality of 'the unorganised dynamic forces of the mind'. His humour mellows the book, commonsense humour personified in General Stumm von Bordwehr, the soldier who tries in vain to bring civilian vagueness to some kind of disciplined order. When Musil was found dead the expression on his face was one of mockery and mild astonishment. In death he was Ulrich to the life.

It is not because Musil died that the book is unfinished. The 'luminous halo' fades out when personality is extinguished; it does not come to a well-plotted conclusion. It is a sign of weakness that the author of *Fever in Mexico* could not resist the temptation to round off his tale in the final pages; in *A Flame for Doubting Thomas* the neatness of the second half is a betrayal of the original premise, the open perception of Thomas K. Follett. *The Man Without Qualities* does not compromise with convention; it can go on for ever (and very nearly does), plotless, with little narrative thread, unified only by instinctive awareness of unity in diversity, ambiguous because, as Ulrich says, 'There is no Yes without a No attached to it'.

IDRIS PARRY

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Buried Treasure

AS A WRITER ABOUT TELEVISION, a critic of its activities, I often say to myself that it can be taken too seriously, that one can be too portentous about it, and that for all the energy and experience put into the programmes they come to us with puppet perspectives which limit expression and inhibit creativeness. One can become bored with the kit-cat figures sitting at tables without legs, the all too repetitious camera angles of the studios, while continuing to be illogically tolerant, for example, of the midgets of the football fields, the cricket grounds, the processional routes. The point is that we prefer the television which reports to that which interprets and expresses, and no amount of studio inventiveness is likely, I think, to change the emphasis. Indoors, television competes with the theatre, the cinema, the lecture room, the concert hall. Outdoors, it is unique; on occasions splendidly so.

We shall presently have colour, larger screens, more programmes. Already television is the most elaborate trap ever

produce a new magnificence of art or artists.

'Is it something to do with indigestion or something?' The gaily ingenuous, delightfully inelegant question, coming out of my set the other night from one of those panel charmers whose faces in close-up revive memories of the early picture-postcard days, epitomised the enormous, proud banality of much that television does. We are still evidently expected to be



Dr. H. J. Plenderleith (left) and Dr. Glyn Daniel in 'Buried Treasure' on April 9



Two members of the Japanese team who won the world table tennis championships, televised on April 10

contrived to catch artistic genius. That the trap will be sprung I for one seriously doubt. Always in the consideration of television one is forced back to the realisation that its proportions are those of Lilliput and that it is unlikely to

try, say, or an inquiry designed to show that if we had better school teachers we should need fewer policemen. There is great work for the documentary department to do, not simply for viewers but for the community.

Meanwhile, we had last week the first of a new series of admirable intent and grandiloquent title, 'The World Is Ours', showing some of the social and economic problems which are being tackled on the widest scale by United Nations. With health as its subject, this opening programme lasted an hour, bravely defying those who think that viewers have used up the powers of concentration in the day's work.

welcomed it not only for its contravention of the assertion but for its bold, unflinching treatment of a subject that had its decidedly uncomfortable, even harrowing points to make. Not that it was first-rate documentary in treatment. There were threadbare patches. As a record of human goodwill in action it was sometimes moving and always informative.

As documentary, it shared the honour of the week with 'Buried Treasure', which more specifically belonged to the 'talks' category and was for many viewers, I daresay, the more enjoyable programme. Proclaiming itself with a eerie fanfare from Celtic horns, which had themselves once been buried treasure, the programme showed us how objects from the graves, the pits, the detritus of the past, are restored by the magic touch of science to their original state or as near it as maybe. The expository

voice and manner were those of Dr. Plenderleith of the British Museum, and of him it can be said that he was an excellent choice for the occasion, one of the few scientists who has given an impression of being a television 'discovery' man. With the bland steersman, Glyn Daniel, in charge, this is a series which will make 'Animal Vegetable, Mineral?' seem not quite as good we thought.

Taking us back to Lilliput, we have had table-tennis, with yells from an invisible audience to tell us that it was far more exciting to watch than I for one found it. I admired the cameras' terrier-like keenness in trying to probe the heart of the game, though they never quite got there. At the international hockey match on Saturday they were equally enterprising and, though thought, more successful. 'Sportsview', presided over by Peter Dimmock, may win a devoted audience if it can keep up the element of surprise.

Political restlessness is not necessarily a sign of wisdom and the calm unhurried style of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the Budget interview with William Clark of *The Observer*, was refreshment to eye and ear. With the prominent exception, perhaps he is unusual among contemporary political figures who have reach-



As seen by the viewer: two shots from 'The Fifth Anniversary of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation' on April 5; General Alfred M. Gruenther, Supreme Allied Commander, Europe; and the Nato badge

The Budget: the Rt. Hon. R. A. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking on his Budget proposals on April 8; and (right) the Rt. Hon. Hugh Gaitskirt speaking for the Opposition on April 9

Photographs: John C.



'The Grove Family', whose television career opened on April 9. Left to right: Ruth Dunning as Mrs. Grove, Nancy Roberts as Grandma, Edward Evans as Mr. Grove, Sheila Sweet as Pat (seated), Christopher Beeny as Lennie, and Margaret Downs as Daphne

atesman's stature in continuing to cultivate an appreciation of the arts. He finds time, for instance, in what must be an excruciatingly demanding office, to attend to his responsibilities as President of the Royal Society of Literature, and even to read the books from which that institution makes its choice for various awards. I doubt Hugh Gaitskell, whom we also saw being interviewed, has his extra mental dimension, too. It was he who left an impression of corrigible political professionalism.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Amid the Groves

EVEN WITH THE CHANGE of hour, Sundays in the sweet, warm spring are all too short. Against the green groves bursting with song and bud we draw the curtains to and, clearing a space among the morning litter which has provided the reading about rape, murder, and adultery, we address ourselves to 'Out of Doors' and such other Sunday chores as summoning from the mindless arcana of television light entertainment some memories often better left undisturbed. Nature, a miraculous healer, works ever to make us forget pain, and I recall almost nothing of 'Garrison Theatre' except a pleasant young Scots *compère* and three singing sisters who moaned in thirds.

From Vic Oliver's programme, too, I summon again with gratitude Cecily Courtneidge's refined postmistress damping her fringe on the stampicker, slamming up the 'Position Closed' notice as soon as a customer appears, and generally giving a superlative display of bureaucratic insolence. Jokes about licences ought to have been fed into the script somewhere. There have been more serial unwindings, one of them that now rather stale no man's land of the person Welles—Carol Reed film world, and one of Val Gielgud's horror pieces. But speaking of such, the one really vitally important event of the week has of course been the birth of the Groves, the new television family, born 1954 and ready to be the same age at the century's end. I liked the Groves. I liked dad, mum, gran, and even what I suppose I shall in time learn

to call the kiddiwinkies. Adapt or perish is the great rule of life. If you come down in the world, as so many of us, or are rising socially (upstarts or downstarts all, as G.B.S. declared) it is important not to quarrel with the neighbours. The horrid word 'class' is generally kept out of conversation, but of course people are bound to ask what 'class' the Groves are. I can hear Mrs. Dale raising her eyebrows, and Mrs. Freeman beginning 'Well, you have to speak sooner or later, and I don't see . . . etc.'. What will Mrs. Archer say, I wonder; and Mrs. Huggett too, who always kept herself respectable?

The answer to the question is quite simple. The Groves are the class that from this week onwards for the rest of our lives we must all try to belong to. This family is destined to be exemplar, model, testing point for the whole nation henceforward, and every problem of morals, politics, diplomacy, education, and art will be posed against the overriding question 'Will the Groves like it?' Heavy responsibility, dear neighbours. But you will bear it. (The question is, Can we?) Meanwhile dad is a good sort and it was most understandable of the Building Society to celebrate his paying off the last instalment by cracking a bottle of champagne with him. (Wine merchants, please note that this is now the accepted thing and lay in stocks if near or in the newer housing estates.) And then—gran went and spoiled things grumbling about her mattress. ('Don't you start, gran'.) And mum began to have ideas about washing machines and curtains. And the children went and ordered things on tick at the grocer. Ah, it is going to be a hard row to hoe, dad. But if you will be brave, so will we.

Sunday night's programmes were distinguished. There was ballet by the French stars now at the Stoll theatre. There was a recital by the Hirsch String Quartet. Not that anything so risky as a whole quartet was played; only three movements and those the popular ones, two-thirds of the programme seeming to consist of pizzicato passages which are perhaps more photogenic than bowed passages and are often certainly more fun to watch and to listen to. There's always the chance that one of the more fervent chaps may poke out the eye of one of the others!

The episode I enjoyed most was the Borodin Nocturne, because Christian Simpson really 'caught' the 'cellist Gabarro's heart in the lens. Something was here which one would not, emphatically, have experienced with the sound alone, and so, I suppose, justifying the whole programme. It was certainly handled in the most intelligent and sensitive way. Four players seems just the right number. Let us have a whole quartet played through (before the Groves buy a television set and forbid all chamber music), and see if Mr. Simpson could keep it up. I suggest he dispenses with the art candles, however: I do not want to make life any less dainty, but the heart sinks in some of us when on the screen we see tapers wavering towards candelabra, so often does this presage the direst kind of artiness.

The play 'Caesar's Friend', which we seem only quite recently to have had on sound radio, made distinguished watching, too. There is much interesting dialogue in the drama made out of the events leading up to the Crucifixion, as seen through the eyes of Pontius Pilate, played with a highly effective restraint by Robert Eddison. The authors have minds. The method of putting more or less modern speech into the mouths of these figures from the Gospel is not as original as it used to seem. 'Can I bag two of your

centurions for the watch?' or 'Who's that girl over there?' 'Calls herself Mary and says she comes from Magdala; looks a bit of a wild lot, to me'. One feels one could do it oneself. Still, there was good playing and interesting ideas. I'd mention Robert Atkins, a superbly strong Caiaphas, Margaretta Scott and Rosalie Crutchley, Donald Pleasance, and Kenneth Haigh. The production included some ambitious, slightly over-ambitious, crowd scenes, like riots in Turkish baths.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Taking Us Back

LONG AGO a famous critic wrote of 'The Gay Lord Quex' (Home): 'Sometimes we may think that Pinero has not much to say, but then, how brilliantly he says it!' After more than half a century, this remains a lesson in play-making. Some of us cherish it for its period quality. Cynthia Pughe has contrived to keep much in her adaptation. 'Yes, by gad, that gal is alluring', says Frayne of Sophy; Victoria Hopper did not leave us in doubt. The second act, so awkward to present in sound, with all its comings and goings and subterfuges, was managed most serviceably, under Archie Campbell, though there I did miss my favourite period speech. The dear Duchess lacks a maid for the evening. If, in 1954, the agitation about this appears comic, at the turn of the century it was a perfect way of getting Sophy, that manicurist-of-all-work, into the Duchess' bedroom. The speech I missed was that in which the Countess of Owbridge, as hostess, reflects upon the possibilities of her staff: Chalmers unfortunately has hot hands, Denham has a bad knee, Bruce is painfully near-sighted, and so on. It is a nice bit of period nonsense: Mabel Terry-Lewis, so gloriously right as Lady Owbridge, could have expressed it with the proper style.

Still, it is superfluous; and Miss Pughe has kept Pinero to the point throughout. The benevolent martinet, who used to have his plays printed before rehearsal, might not have liked the cuts and changes, but at heart he would surely have realised the tact of this version. Thus—one very small revision—I must speak



Robert Atkins as Caiaphas (left) and Robert Eddison as Pontius Pilate in 'Caesar's Friend' on April 11



Getting down to the rust, Mr. Toogood?

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you, I must' is happier than 'I must relieve my heart; it is bursting'. The celebrated bedroom scene of the third act—we knew again how it would have fixed its first audiences—was acted intensely by Miss Hopper as the loyal and meddling Sophy, by Peter Cushing as Quex (although his first act seemed to me to be smugged, his command grew), and by Lydia Herwood as the silly Duchess who has another of my prized period remarks, 'The exertion of rushing my hair, I often find, encourages sleep'. By the end of the play I was murmuring FitzGerald's lines, 'Sighs the selfsame breeze of morning through the cypress as of old'. It was something of a shock to be back in 1954, the mansions jingling no longer, and Fauncey Court, daresay, a convalescent home.

That was one look at 1900. At the end of the week we had another, far more serious, in 'Yellow Jack', a play by Sidney Howard and Paul de Kruif, which took us to the American occupation of Cuba. I have hinted before that Saturday night choices have been shooting up and down like a fever-chart. Here we were with yellow fever itself and the resolve of a group of army medical men to track the disease to mosquito-carriers. The trouble with the piece which should be so much more urgent than Pinero's is its monotony. I am not surprised it did not run in New York twenty years ago. It is sincere but tough and unrelieved; neither dialogue nor characters hold us. As a semi-document, with the atmosphere of the camp near Havana carefully suggested in Hugh Stewart's production, 'Yellow Jack' (Home) had merit: the doctors and the human guinea-pigs were acted firmly, but I doubt whether the play will keep the mind as long as 'Quex' has done. Monstrous, of course, but there it is.

After this, one has to speak in a whisper of such a triviality as 'Home and Away', in which Jack Buchanan heads yet another of the mad families of our time. He is found, by his potential son-in-law, hanging on to a broken pipe on the bathroom floor. Somebody looks in on them. 'Wrestling?' she asks. 'No', Buchanan answers, 'we just like hanging about bow joints'. David Climie and Anthony Armstrong, the script-writers, are useful hands at that sort of thing, and with Mr. Buchanan to tap the lines off, David Hutcheson to be much put upon as a functionary called Tangent, and a whole family of daughters in blissful cry, the programme will please those who still have time for what Ko-Ko called 'airy persiflage'. The crown of the latest 'Talk About Jones' (also Home) was an all-purposes speech in which Peter Jones—whose hair is now stiff with taws—has provided a few appropriate remarks on any occasion, as the last speaker said so aptly.

'Listen Comrades' (Light) hustled us, for our Sunday tea-time dose of suspense and torture, to the adventures of El Campestino of Estremadura, which should be inscribed on asbestos. (Felix Felton's version was first-rate.) Finally, 'In Need of Care' (Home), written strongly by Aileen Mills and with a Marjorie Westbury performance to buttress it, was a feature—about the work of the Children's Department of the Home Office—that took us back to the terrors of 'No Room at the Inn'. We were about as far from Fauncey Court and Quex' as we could have come.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Religion, Law, and Ethics

THE SERIES CALLED 'Faith and Life' came to an end last week. It has presented five religions, Hinduism, Buddhism, Judaism, Christianity, and Islam, and in each case the speaker was a

member of the faith on which he spoke. But in the final talk Canon C. E. Raven spoke on 'Non-religious faiths', that is, as defined in a note under the title in the *Radio Times* announcement, 'those movements of thought and conduct which, while they reject belief in God, awake a response which is similar to the response given to a religion'. Ever since, some years ago, I heard Dr. Raven give the most learned, lively, and stimulating talk I ever listened to on the radio, I have kept a sharp look-out for his name in the weekly programmes. The non-religious faiths he selected for discussion last week were communism, scientific humanism, and nationalism. He referred also to materialism, but did not class it as a faith. I once accused a materialist friend of holding a faith that beat that of all the religions rolled into one, a remark which, as I had intended, he seemed to find extremely embarrassing. Credulity would, of course, have been the more accurate word.

Dr. Raven pointed out that communism resembles Judaism in so far as it believes itself to be the Chosen People, looks forward to a classless society (its Kingdom of Heaven), and reveres as its prophets Marx and Lenin. Nationalism, he declared, is a danger to any religion-worthy of the name, but the greatest threat to religion lies not in the three faiths he was discussing but in the despairing materialism which holds that the good life consists simply in having a good time. An excellent talk delivered with his usual vigour and precision.

'Christian Duties in Community and State' was a shortened version—and drastically shortened; one would guess, since it lasted only ten minutes—of an address given at a recent Congress of the Free Church Federal Council by its Moderator, the Rev. E. Benson Perkins. The shortening, however, had been skilfully done: there were no gaps, no awkward joins, nothing fragmentary about it. What I particularly liked was Mr. Perkins' rapid survey of the astonishing improvement in social conditions which has come over this country during the past thirty years. Nowadays our government seem to be haunted by the fear that if they dwell on the financial or social improvement in our position we shall instantly lean smugly back, and so while patting us on the head with one hand they spank us soundly with the other. To keep telling us that despite our efforts we have no cause for complaisance, that we still have a long way to go, and so on, seems to me a sure way to induce lassitude and depression. And so Mr. Perkins' picture was a most heartening exhibit. It is true that he went on to point out that some of the new areas lack churches and halls for social occasions and to complain of the debasement of the use of leisure, but these facts were not used to belittle the achievement of which he had spoken earlier.

I stubbornly continue to expect that any talk about law will be heavy as lead and dry as dust, despite the fact that almost every talk I have listened to on the subject has been deeply interesting. 'The Development of Soviet Law', a talk by Alexander Halpern, General Secretary of the Provisional Government of Russia till October 1917, was no exception. It was a clear and objective account of the changes in Soviet law from the early enthusiastic days when many laws, such as those relating to marriage and inheritance, were repealed and it was expected that before long the law would wither away, to the present day when many of them have been re-enacted. Nowadays, one gathered, law in Soviet Russia is on a sound and just basis.

So far, I have heard two of Stephen Toulmin's three talks called 'Thinking about Conduct', and I shall have heard the third before these remarks are printed. Mr. Toulmin reminded us that ethics has been discussed since the time of Socrates, yet there is a general opinion that little

or no advance has been made in storming the citadel. The reason for this, Mr. Toulmin suggests, is that there is no citadel which can be stormed by a single solution and that if the philosophers would imitate the scientists and solve their problem piecemeal, great advances might be made. Perhaps in his final talk Mr. Toulmin will give us private soldiers a leg up.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Berlioz and Electronics

IT HAS BEEN a week in which new music has predominated, together with more than a whiff of the extravagant, both old and new, ranging from Berlioz' 'Grande Messe des Morts' (with its four brass bands, eight trombones, and huge array of drums, gongs, and the like) to Jolivet's 'Suite delphique' for ondes Martenot and chamber ensemble. I feel sure, incidentally, that had Berlioz known of M. Martenot's electronic invention he would have included a masterly part for it in the score of this Requiem Mass—just one more piece of gear to be smuggled into the church of Les Invalides where it was first given. The score is indeed known for its purple patches and it has to be said that it contains other patches which, not being purple, are really rather dull and uninspired—though there are also restrained sections, such as the *Offertorium*, of extraordinary originality.

The performance under Sargent, from the Albert Hall, must have presented the B.B.C.'s balancing staff with problems enough. It came through reasonably well from that point of view, the brass bands being particularly successful. The combined choirs of the B.B.C. and the Royal Choral Society were happier in the rather beefy sections, such as the impressive *Rex tremendae*, than when they were singing the more expressive parts of the work. Here tone-quality suffered; intonation too left much to be desired—in the final *Agnus Dei* it was deplorable.

As for the ondes Martenot, which listeners will have heard twice more by the time these words appear—we seem to be in for quite a wave of ondes—Jolivet's work was not of much musical significance. Its eight short movements are designed to show off different aspects of this curious instrument which appeared at its best when either wailing or barking. It had a barking cadenza, as it were, in the second movement, representing the wild dogs of the Goddess of Death, and here the sound was sufficiently realistic to startle my canine neighbours. The ondes was (or were) played (or operated) by the inventor's sister, Ginette Martenot.

The concert, under Francis Chagrin's direction, also included a *Divertimento* for Ten Instruments by Hugo Cole, an ex-pupil of Nadia Boulanger. Its first two movements were not diverting enough, but the third was more amusing and could have accompanied a René Clair film. The work sagged again in the finale but it was certainly not without its points. It lacked just that extra sparkle and polish which are essential to the success of non-profound works. Florent Schmitt's 'A tour d'Anches', for oboe, clarinet, bassoon and piano, a work in this composer's later, wittier manner, possesses these qualities to a high degree. With the added advantage of superbly good woodwind playing from Messrs. MacDonagh, Bryner, and Brooke, the result was most enjoyable, if not exactly memorable, entertainment.

Malcolm Arnold's Trio for flute, viola, and bassoon in the same programme dates back to 1943. Of its three movements, the first is a piece of buffoonery thrown together in an inconsequent way, the second a limp slow movement, the third a somewhat better-constructed finale,

FROM THE GUINNESS
VARIETY PROGRAMME

Freddy

WHO SECURED A
REMUNERATIVE POSITION



When Cousin Freddy was Sent Down

He went to seek a job in Town

From Something in the City, who

Was Uncle to a chap he knew.

"At Oxford," said this Great Mogul

"What Flowers of Learning did you cull?"

And Freddy answered, bowing low,

"Dread Sir, they taught me how to row—

Lit. Hum., a shred—some Latin tags,—

A taste in clothing—and for Rags.

But best of all, I found a brew,

Delectable, yet Good for You,

Called Guinness, quite ambrosial stuff—"

The worthy Magnate cried, "Enough!

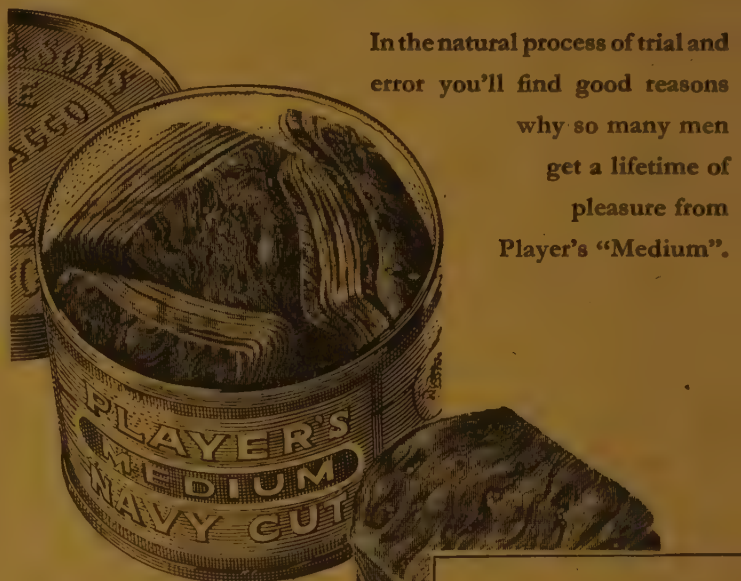
My boy, it's certain you'll go far.

Come, make a start, and clean my car!"

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ough it left me with no wish to hear it again. Any service done to an undoubtedly gifted composer, I wonder, by playing such early, une efforts?

If Malcolm Arnold can be termed an uncaring composer, with a lightly casual attitude towards his audience, Graham Whettam, whose First Symphony was introduced by Ian Whyte, works too hard upon his listeners, bludgeoning them into attention by his vehemence. The symphony has plenty of punch but insufficient organic growth: this was notably lacking

in the first and last movements which generate a good deal of noise and energy without really progressing. But the work deserves, none the less, some commendation as a serious attempt at a large-scale, 'strong' symphony.

Lastly there was Beecham's Royal Philharmonic concert. Even Sir Thomas could not persuade me that Schubert's 'Tragic' Symphony has not its occasional tedious routines, in the first movement for example. It is rather in the slow movement and the Minuet that the originality of the nineteen-year-old Schubert is

displayed, while the finale on this occasion bubbled along with such spirit and so untragically that it proved irresistible. As to Mozart's Symphony No. 39, not everyone will have approved of Sir Thomas' rubato treatment of the first subject of the slow movement: and possibly the finale has been known to go with more *brio*. The reading of the opening movement, however, was remarkable—taut, fiery, in a way impatient, keeping orchestra and audience unceasingly on its toes.

ALAN FRANK

Mátyás Seiber and his Twelve Notes

By HANS KELLER

Seiber's cantata 'Ulysses' will be broadcast at 9.20 p.m. on Monday, April 19, and his Concertino for clarinet and strings at 7.30 p.m. on Tuesday, April 20 (both Third)

AT a recent meeting of the newly instituted Composers' Concourse, a well-known composer suggested that the Magyar, 'tribal' element in Bartók's music made it foreign to the English composer's mind—something to be admired from an inevitable distance. At this, Mátyás Seiber jumped up and said that the Hungarian aspect of Bartók's essentially central European music was merely one of subtly assimilated colour. If you want to talk of 'tribal' music, he said, you had better turn to Kodály, whose music was as folkish that it sounded exactly like Vaughan Williams'. There is a kind of international nationalism (pentatonicism and so forth), Seiber concluded and sat down, reminding one or the other listener, maybe, of Schönberg's slightly derisive observation, '... astonishingly, each considers it his national style, though different nationalities write the same. It is the true internationalism of music in our time'. But then, Schönberg's (as distinct from Kodály's) is an international internationalism, and while the pentatonic scale has no semitones, his has all.

Seiber's own development, which seems to have arrived at an exciting juncture, proceeds from Kodály's international nationalism over Bartók's national internationalism to Schönberg's way of composing with twelve notes which have the same rights and duties towards each other. Born at Budapest in 1905, he studied composition under Kodály, whose obvious influence on the very Hungarian and pentatonic First String Quartet (1924) does not conceal its natural and full-blooded talent; the final rondo movement shows a certain aggressiveness that is to become a characteristic feature of Seiber's harmonic as well as rhythmic style. In the equally fluent Wind Sextet of 1925 ('Op. 2': Seiber's only opus number), Kodály's influence on the decrease, and the future master-contrapuntist can already be heard.

In 1925 Seiber went to Frankfurt, settling there permanently in 1928, after having seen the world as a ship's musician ('cellist'). The Sonata da Camera for violin and cello (1925) shows his widening musical horizon: it breaks away from Kodály and the five notes, and Hungarian snaps and snippets are assimilated into a more cosmopolitan style whose austere two-part writing with prominent tritones points far into Seiber's future, as indeed does a figure which he encounters again more than two decades later as central motive in his 'Ulysses' cantata.

Meanwhile, on his first journey back to Budapest and his parents, he wrote a Divertimento for clarinet and string quartet (1926) which, a few years ago, he arranged as a Con-

certino for clarinet and strings; it is his only neo-classical (Hindemithian) piece, built upon a simple, sectional ground-plan. In the Frankfurt years of 1928-33, he became involved in jazz and wrote all sorts of lightish music; one of his settings of nonsense poems by Christian Morgenstern represents his first attempt at serial technique in that it is based on a seven-note row, and one of his two abstract 'Jazzolets' is his first twelve-note piece: a significant beginning, perhaps, for to the present day Seiber has retained a somewhat ambivalent attitude towards the twelve notes.

The Nazi Government brought his Frankfurt career (which had included his membership of the Lenzewski Quartet as well as his jazz class at the Frankfurt Conservatoire) to a close, and in the intermediate years (1934-35) before his eventual emigration to England he wrote his second String Quartet—his farewell to Frankfurt in the form of what has remained his most uncompromising twelve-note piece which, nevertheless, permits itself to reorganise its twelve notes in the course of musical events.

The difficult first years in England were devoted to orchestrations and arrangements. In 1940, Seiber embarked upon a study of lute tablatures and transcribed about 400 pieces; the results of these activities are the two orchestral 'Besardo Suites'. The sombre Phantasy for cello and piano (1941), his only recorded work, combines Bartókian (including Hungarian) and atonal (near-dodecaphonic) elements and foreshadows both his greater Fantasy, that for violin (1943-44), and indeed much of his later style.

The Violin Concerto ('Fantasia Concertante') itself is an original master-structure in three continuous movements, and with complex interrelations between them: whatever the title refers to, it is not the degree of formal definition and integration. The treatment of the twelve notes, to be sure, is fanciful, and there are even places where the violin, as opposed to the accompaniment, flatly renounces the note-row (B flat-B-E-F-D flat-E flat-A-D-A flat-G-C-F sharp: easily to be heard at the very outset). The consistently high level of inspiration and the string-player's sensitive writing for the solo instrument combine to make the work one of the few important violin concertos of our time.

Based on a Brahmsian horn theme in open ('natural') notes, and 'dedicated to the memory of Brahms', the entirely tonal, F major, 'Notturno' (a favourite mood of Seiber's) for horn and string orchestra (1945) appeared by way of relaxation after the Concerto. Then, in 1946-47, came the large-scale 'Ulysses' cantata for tenor, chorus and orchestra, with words from James

Joyce's novel, an immediately impressive work which put Seiber on the more popular maps and at the same time secured him the admiration of musicians who had previously found him too 'constructivist'. Based on a conservative tonal scheme (tonic—subdominant—tonic—dominant—tonic), the five movements are highly adventurous in style and form, with the basic motive E-A flat-G determining the entire architecture. The first movement ('The Heaventree') is a *Stimmungsbild*, a nocturnal mood-picture proceeding from night to day, with a remarkable choral vocalise in close imitation over a fugal development in the brass. Next comes a chaconne ('Meditations of Evolution increasingly vaster') on a new version of an old ground-bass, with a fugal and canonic climax. The third movement ('Obverse meditations of Involution') is a scherzo with a fugal principal section, in which the basic motive is extended into a twelve-note row of alternating minor thirds and minor seconds, i.e., E-G-G sharp-B-C-E flat/F-D-D flat-B flat-A-F sharp: the second half is a transposed inversion of the first, and each half is its own transposed retrograde inversion. The treatment of the row is again unorthodox; the chief and constant thematic points are the minor thirds with minor seconds in between—which we also find in Schönberg's 'Ode to Napoleon'. The fourth movement, 'Nocturne-Intermezzo' (footnote: 'Homage to Schönberg') is based on four three-note chords which expose a twelve-note row, the first two being the opening chords of Schönberg's Piano Piece, Op. 19, No. 6; the tenor, however, manifests a similar urge for independence, as does the violin in the Concerto. The 'Epilogue' reverts to, and partly recapitulates, the first movement.

The third String Quartet ('Quartetto lirico') and the 'Cantata secularis' for large chorus and large orchestra belong to the period of 1948-51; the Quartet is Seiber's third masterpiece which synthesises the influences of Bartók, Schönberg (serial technique), and Berg with the help of a 'tonical' D flat major, while the Cantata is a straightforward tonal proposition; it has not yet been performed in England. The latest major work is the Elegy for viola and orchestra (1953): fairly tonal, chromatic, and partly dodecaphonic.

Seiber has at times alluded to his 'free' twelve-note technique, but one does not escape freedom: his invariable departures from the technique, even within his twelve-note works, suggest that it is not yet free enough. The evermore inspired intensity of his serial styles on the one hand, however, and what seems to be a momentary creative pause on the other, would seem to indicate that he is about to make the twelve notes wholly his.

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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

ODD JOBS

DO NOT KNOW a worse job than trying to bind the fraying end of a coconut mat by stitching. Thank goodness, there are now adhesives which you can use not only for this but for any job that means sticking fabric to fabric. First trim the frayed end to a clean line with scissors. Then cut a piece of upholstery webbing to stretch right across the end of the mat. The webbing ought to be at least three inches wide, preferably four. Let us suppose ours is four. Spread the adhesive for two inches across the trimmed end of the mat, and half way across the width of the webbing. Then leave it until it is really tacky, usually about a quarter of an hour. Now stick the glued surfaces together and then take a hammer and give it a good hammering all the way along. Turn the mat over and do the same on the other side. I have mats that I repaired in this way two years ago, and they are still all right.

Next job, clearing the kitchen sink. Usually a sluggish sink can be cleared by the use of a force-cup. That is a thick, rubber bell fixed to a short handle. Run a little water into the sink, push the force-cup over the sink hole with one hand and hold a dish-cloth to the overflow of the sink with the other. Now pump the force-cup up and down a few times. It sets up a hydrostatic action which will usually clear the sink. Where, however, the sink is not just sluggish but solidly stopped up, you will have to jockey it from the clearing hole at the bottom of the U-shaped pipe under the sink. That is always full of water, so stand a bucket under it and then unscrew the little cap, usually of brass, which you will find there. The water will rush out and that will often clear the stoppage of itself. If it does not, take something flexible,

like a piece of thin cane or pliable curtain wire, and poke about through the hole. Never use anything at all stiff or sharp.

The best way of keeping that pipe clean and clear, by the way, is to put a handful of soda on the grid of the sink hole once a week and run a kettle of boiling water through it. That dissolves the coating of grease from the inside of the pipe in which food scraps, etc., become embedded.

Another job that you may need to do is to deal with a loose screw in a shelf bracket. Where you have a fitting like that pulling loose, use a plugging compound. You buy it in a packet or carton and it looks like dry suet. Hold a piece under the tap then knead it between the fingers and it will turn into a sort of putty. Poke this into the hole solidly with a skewer. The screw can then be driven into this and it will get a firm and immediate grip. You can buy this plugging compound in an outfit, for about 3s. or 4s., containing the compound, a small wall-drill, and a ramming tool.

W. P. MATTHEW

A NEW WAY WITH WALLS

The interior walls of our home are painted in pastel colours and we are naturally anxious to keep them looking fresh and bright as long as possible. There were actually thirty-six of these walls, we found, when we made a diagram of our accommodation. To each of these walls we allotted a number.

By a process of trial and error I found that three walls a week were as much as I could successfully incorporate into my daily routine. So that is what I do: I wash three walls a week. It is not hard work, for the dirt does not have time to get a firm footing. Whether it is a long

wall or a short one depends upon how I am feeling, and on the time at my disposal. Once the wall is done I check it off on my diagram, and then its turn is over until its thirty-five fellows have been done.

This means that the walls get washed a minimum of four times a year, without any excessive effort on my part.

SYLVIA HAYMON

Notes on Contributors

NICHOLAS CARROLL (page 636): correspondent of the *Sunday Times*

RICCARDO ARAGNO (page 637): London correspondent of the Turin daily newspaper *La Stampa*

REAR-ADMIRAL ANGUS NICHOLL, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O. (page 639): Military Correspondent, European Talks, B.B.C. since 1951; United Kingdom Principal Staff Officer, South European-West Mediterranean Regional Planning Group 1949-51; Naval Representative on British Delegation to Western Union Military Committee 1948-50

H. W. R. WADE (page 645): Lecturer in Law, Cambridge University and Fellow of Trinity College

THE HON. STEVEN RUNCIMAN (page 648): Professor of Byzantine Art and History, University of Istanbul, 1942-45; author of *A History of the Crusades*, *The Medieval Manichee*, etc.

PATRICK GROVE (page 650): Head of the Radio-chemical Centre, Amersham

REV. E. BENSON PERKINS (page 654): Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council

Crossword No. 1,250.

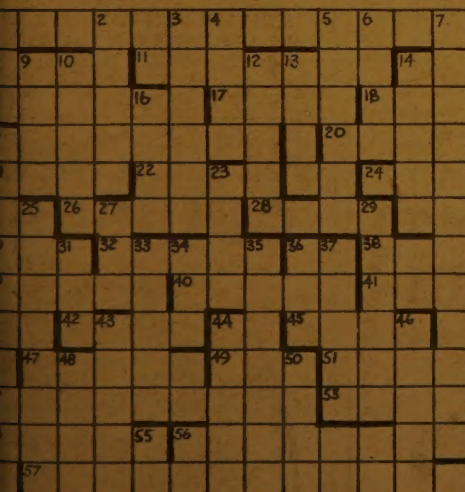
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Having completed the puzzle, you are asked to trace and state what 29D 23D. It's a toss-up where you are.

CLUES—ACROSS

Half the doings in Miss Dobson's art (13).
Quoted *Who's Who* reference to Potter and one of his productions (4).



NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

Fold Here.

By Ponc

11. Filling many offices (7).
15. Its naturalised English member had a cordial reputation: it's gone with the wind nevertheless (6).
17. Monkeys (4).
18. See 16D.
19. Cooledst thine heels (8).
20. Bunt (4).
21. Formerly might have been taken for a large strawberry (4).
22. 72 sheets (4).
24. See 28A.
26. A goodly Babylonish garment was (5).
- 28-24. Presumer's birthplace (7).
30. Starts-looking blue with black spots (3).
32. Dash, the bully's undefended (5).
38. See 27D and 34D.
39. A woodbine on the Equator? (5).
40. More than took the full shock (5).
- 41-55U. Mind (5).
42. Edge of the roof (4).
45. Both ends of a crooked stick for the Scot (4).
47. 'As good a shot and fisherman as —' (5).
49. Elephant snatcher (3).
51. 34D-2D this contract to produce inequality (4).
52. Married a back-room type, suspected of using 14D to win her (9).
53. Scottish divine (4).
54. Devoured the 35D of Eton (5).
56. Author gives us as the precept 'each to each the alternate hymn' (8).
57. Do credit them with some changes in modern education (12, two words).

DOWN

- 1U. This cage provides the environment for 19D (3).
2. See 51A.
3. You've 23D the 4D and who do you blame? (6).
4. Pass from one to another (4).
5. Play the fool in the river (6).
6. Half-cough (4).
7. One of these would do for one (12).
9. Madmen did not escape its judgment (4).
10. Wildly cheerful driver (5).
12. Unpopular (5).
13. Wags' nest on wheels (4).
14. See 52A.
- 16-18A. Barberton Daisy (7).

19. Little Hintockite (10).
23. See 3D.
25. Comes under the hammer (8).
- 27-38A. Snorting (6).
29. A simple play (6).
31. Stuff it (3).
33. The army commander lets out a curse, considered worthy of notice (5).
- 34-38A. It takes a gamesman to carry off (6).
35. See 51A.
36. Warship, in which one might pass unnoticed (3).
37. Mulls (5).
43. International cup (5).
44. Rise when the drake is up (5).
46. More than a very large step (5).
48. Sparkling and fortifying in good company (4).
50. Patient (4).
55. See 41A.

Solution of No. 1,248

C	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l
1	2	6	6	5	1	7	9	j	k	l
7	E	1	5	O	7	F	1	9	2	9
G	m	2	9	6	H	2	4	2	7	I
J	7	4	9	7	I	K	1	3	8	6
L	1	9	1	9	3	M	4	3	2	4
N	4	6	4	4	3	O	v	3	4	6
P	3	O	5	6	6	5	Q	x	2	9
R	y	1	5	4	3	O	7	8	1	5
U	8	1	O	2	2	V	1	5	8	5
W	1	2	5	1	3	2	1	4	1	1
Y	3	6	9	2	3	7	8	1	6	

Prizewinners: 1st prize: Lieut. S. J. Beardsworth (Shrivenham); 2nd prize: C. W. Gilham (Leeds, 6); 3rd prize: E. A. Side (Orpington).

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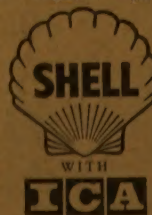
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